THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. X. NO. 21. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1891. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

MR. MEDILL'S CAREER.

Gossipy Sketch of How He Became a Great Editor Given by the Genial Uncle Joseph Himself.

An Instructive Lesson for Those Who Desire to Reach the Distinction He has Reached in Journalism and Statesmanship.

[*Daily News, May 7*]

The Hon. Joseph Medill, who at present is one of the oldest, if not the oldest editor in the country, will not retire from active newspaper life, as has been announced.

The veteran editor was in his sanctum busily employed this morning when an *Evening News* reporter called to ascertain the truth of the story. Mr. Medill is today the oldest publisher in Chicago, and has a national reputation, equal to that of Mr. Dana of the New York *Sun* or Mr. Pulitzer of the New York *World*.

The ex mayor of Chicago takes rank with the oldest pioneers. Mr. Bonner of New York is a younger man. So is Mr. Pulitzer; so that perhaps Mr. Medill need only divide the honors with the editor of the *Sun*. Mr. Medill was not averse to talking about his affairs or his life.

"No, I have not retired from active work," said the editor of the *Tribune*. "Some time ago Mr. Patterson was placed in charge of the paper, but I am down here almost every day and take an active interest in what is going on. I prefer to wear out rather than rust out, and shall probably he working away at this business until the last."

"You must have had an eventful life," suggested the visitor. "How did you come to enter the newspaper business?"

"I left the law to become an editor," replied Mr. Medill, with a retrospective glance. "That was in the autumn of 1848, and I have been at it ever since. For the [illegible] rty years of my life I have edited a [illegible] paper."

The editor paused for a second, as the [illegible] sections of nearly half a century spent [illegible] harness rushed over him. Scenes of [illegible] past came before his eyes, and again [illegible] himself an enthusiastic young man [illegible]ing the calling he has followed so [illegible]. The backward glance was not [illegible]easant, and he was willing to tell the [illegible] of his life.

[illegible] was living in Ohio in the fall of 1848, [illegible] at that time was in the law business. [illegible]eft the practice of law and bought the Coshocton *National Republican*. But let me go back and tell you how I came to buy that paper. When I was a law student I lived near the county seat and was fond of going over there. There were two papers published in the town, each, by the way, being bitterly opposed to the other. J. T. Elliott, nephew of the late Commander Elliott, was the editor of one and a particular friend of mine. I was fond of going into his office and watching him set type.

"'Why don't you take me on?' I said to him one day when he was complaining about being short of help.

"'All right; I'll do it,' said he. 'I'll give you the same chance as any one else. You can pay for your board and clothes for the privilege of being taught,' and Elliott laughed, not thinking that I would take him up. But I did. Seeing that I was in earnest he got me a stick and showed me how to hold it. Then he showed me how the 'cap' letters ran across the top and how the small letters were placed.

LEARNING TO SET TYPE.

"'Now,' said Elliott, 'hold your stick so, and pick up your letters carefully and be sure to have the nicks outside and the letters right and left. Take time and do it right.' And he left. Well, I was ambitious and thought I had learned the case at the first casual glance, and just to show how proficient I could be I worked like a beaver and wasn't much worried over whether I picked the right letter or not.

"'This thing's full,' said I, and Elliott showed me how to dump it. Then they took a proof and showed it to me. There were probably 125 mistakes in that proof, and it hung up in the office as a standing joke on me for a long time." Mr. Medill laughed heartily at the recollection of his first proof. "It was a sight, I assure you," said he.

"Well, I stuck to the case and wasn't discouraged, and by and by I could set up 500 ems in an hour, which was not very bad for a beginner. Then it was that the office made a good thing out of me. Elliott had me grind off his papers and ink the rollers and set type, and, in short, I hustled for him in every sense of the word. Then the other office got mad and sent for me, declaring that it was only fair that I come and help them out. So I went over there and slaved when not studying. I think some of the work I did at those two offices would surprise the average young newspaper man. Why, I was expected to grind out four or five hundred sheets for each of those people, and I tell you the sweat would just roll off me. Sometimes one of them would send for me and remark: 'Say, Medill, think up some editorial and then set it up—that's a good fellow.'

"'Can't think of it,' I'd say. 'Too busy, and I don't want to work, anyhow.'

"'Oh, come now, you do it, and I'll buy some oysters tonight and we'll have a spread,' and the result would be that I would go at the case and as I thought of what I wanted to say would set it up. Well, I worked all that winter, and by the time half a year had rolled away was something of a printer. I could set type in good shape, do a fairly good piece of job work, and understood much of the inner workings of a newspaper office. I liked it, and what I had taken up in fun proved to be my life work afterward.

IN BUSINESS AS AN OWNER.

"My father was not a healthy man, and was unable to give the care or attention he would like to his sons. Finally he sold the farm and moved into town. At this time I was practicing law, and I then decided upon a step which changed the whole course of my after life. I had four younger brothers. They are all dead now. Sam Medill, who was a member of the *Tribune* company and who recently died, was the youngest, being at the time I refer to only 8 years old. But the two eldest were young men, and I felt that I must do something with them. The idea came to me of buying a newspaper and putting them right in that business, and then if they showed an aptitude, let them stay there or buy them a paper somewhere else. I told my law partner that I must do this, and we decided that the firm would not dissolve, but that I should buy him out when I could and at the same time look after my brothers' interest. This was to be only for a year, and then I was to return to the law practice with him.

"I purchased the Coshocton *National Republican*, a weekly Whig paper. It was the most important paper in the county, and I might add that I carried the county two or three times on the strength of it. My brothers seized upon the idea at once and enjoyed the life. At the end of the first year, strange to say, I wasn't ready to leave."

"'Are you coming back now?' asked my partner, but I replied:

"'I can't come now. I'll wait another year and then be ready.' At the end of the next year I was launched for life on a newspaper career.

"At the end of the second year a man came along with a letter from Horace Greeley. The stranger wanted to buy a country newspaper, and I sold him mine at a fairly good price. I had at that time determined to enter upon the business for all there was in it, and all of my brothers were with me. I went to Cleveland, O., and there started the Cleveland *Leader* in 1851. There was no morning Whig paper, but there was an evening paper called the *Herald* and a morning democratic paper. I united two of the papers and called them the Cleveland *Leader*.

"Alfred Cowles, who was so many years associated with the Chicago *Tribune*, was with me then, and my brother Jim had developed first class newspaper abilities. Jim and Cowles were a great team. Both are dead now. I staid in Cleveland until January, 1855, and then sold out, as I saw a better field for labor here in Chicago. What I have done since then, what success I have had, is known to all who care anything about me and needs no word from me," and Mr. Medill paused, justly thinking that the story of his work in Chicago was too well known to need any repetition.

"Were you ever a reporter, Mr. Medill?"

The editor laughed as he replied:

"Indeed, I was, and everything else that comes in the newspaper line. I was compositor, reporter, city editor, managing editor, commercial editor, job printer, solicitor, pressman, advertising man and even the 'devil,' as we call the boy who inks the rollers. I have done everything but work a foot press, and I believe I know how that is done. But of all the jobs the one most impressed on my memory is working that old Franklin press for Elliott until the sweat rolled off."

NOT A "FLY" REPORTER.

"Did you have any big scoop when a reporter?" asked the interviewer, who felt an interest in that portion of the story.

"I can't say that I ever did anything very startling," replied the editor. "The fact is, I was not that kind of a reporter. I was a plain, rather steady going sort of chap, and my best hold was on descriptive writing, but my brother Sam was the boss scooper. Poor fellow! If he were alive he could give you many a good story of dare devil deeds done in the newspaper line. He was fond of that kind of work and took delight in taking hard tasks, and then regaling his listeners afterward with his stories."

"Were you ever scooped very bad?"

"Yes, I was once scooped awfully, and I have regretted it to this day," replied Mr. Medill, slowly. "That one scoop has annoyed me all these years. I regret it now."

"Was it so very bad, then?"

"It was indeed, but," and the editor's eyes twinkled with merriment, "every other newspaper man was scooped on the same thing, so I have that consolation.

"It was in May of 1856 that the State Republican convention was being held in Bloomington, and I went from Chicago both as a representative of the *Tribune* and a delegate. John L. Scripps, editor of the Democratic *Press*, a paper opposed to the *Tribune*, went to report the meeting for his paper. Well, John and myself went down together and reported the crowd, speakers and so on, and then came a lull in the proceedings.

"Abraham Lincoln sat in the back part of the room, not as a delegate, however, for the Springfield delegates had bolted and Abe merely came up to the convention on his own hook. Some one saw him, and cries went up for 'Lincoln! Abraham Lincoln!' and Lincoln arose and remarked that he wasn't a delegate and had no right to speak.

"Abraham Lincoln is always a delegate," was the complimentary rejoinder, and much against his will he was shoved forward and up to the speaker's stand His first words were spoken in a low, hesitating manner, and I was disgusted.

"'Seems to me,' I muttered, 'with so many brilliant men in the hall they might have called on a better man to talk. Who is this man they are shouting so about and cheering, and calling 'honest Abe' and hurrahing for 'Abe'?

"Pretty soon he began to speak, and then I saw my mistake. He talked on that subject of common interest at that time, 'slavery' and Lincoln fairly let himself loose. It was the best speech he ever made. He spoke in a high, clear voice and his hearers were dumfounded, overcome by his eloquence. In his after speeches when he took the stump he spoke cautiously and in a conservative manner so that his enemies could not catch him, but on this occasion he shook himself loose and spoke his feelings from the heart. Oh, it was a grand speech, one that affected every one in the hall.

HOW HE WAS "SCOOPED"

"As he finished and sat down a sigh went up, and the applause shook the building. I looked at my paper and found I had not written a word. I had been so charmed that I forgot my business and had listened to the man without being able to write a word. My mind was confused.

"'John,' said I turning to my comrade, 'let me see your notes. I didn't catch a word he said.'

"'What's that?' gasped John, 'haven't you got it? I never wrote a word, myself. I listened and depended on you.' Neither one of us could jot down a word of that speech, and a Springfield editor who came up with Lincoln was as badly off."

"It's a wonder you didn't write up a speech for him."

"Yes, I know that's what the average reporter would have done, but I couldn't, nor could the others in that case. We did the best we could and wrote around the subject, but that was all. The best speech that Abraham Lincoln ever made was never published. That is a story from that man's life which has never been published.

"Upon my return to Chicago I saw the mistake that had been made, and immediately hired a stenographer, who followed Lincoln all over. There were only two shorthand men in town then—the *Times* had one and we had the other. He is now known as Congressman Hitt from Rockford. I have tried every way in my power to get that speech. I have jotted down what I could remember and questioned people who were at the meeting. I have placed together what they and I remember, but I shall always have it to regret that I, a newspaper man, listened to the best speech ever made by Abraham Lincoln and did not get a word of it."

IRELAND AND FREE TRADE.

[*To the Editor.*]

Faribault, Minn., May 2, 1891.—Some American papers seem to confound the present English and American term "free trade" with the free trade advocated by Henry Grattan and his compatriots. It will be seen from the following extracts from the Irish statutes at large that Ireland had to pay England both import and export duties.

Henry Grattan and his compatriots wanted the freedom to trade with the world in their own way, free from the dictation of England, to encourage and foster Irish trade, manufactures and commerce. Ireland had to pay export duties as appears from the Irish statutes at large:

Export duties on Irish merchandise:

	£	S	D
Beef, the barrel	1	0	0
Cheese, the hundred weight	0	10	0
Barley, the quarter, eight bushels	0	10	0
Beans, " " " "	0	10	0
Malt, " " " "	0	10	0
Oats, " " " "	0	6	0
Peas, " " " "	0	10	0
Wheat, " " " "	1	0	0
Rye, " " " "	0	10	0
Buckwheat, " " " "	0	10	0
Codfish, the barrel	0	10	0
Salmon, the ton	8	0	0
Herrings, the barrel	0	10	0
Sprats, the barrel	0	10	0
Goose quills, the thousand	0	2	0
Haberdashery, 112 pounds	1	0	0
Hides, per hide	0	10	0
Horses, into England a piece	2	0	0
Horses, into foreign ports apiece	20	0	0
Iron, the ton	6	13	4
Oat meal, the barrel	0	6	8
Oxen, cows and steers, the head	1	0	0
Pork, the barrel	1	10	0
Wax, Irish, 112 pounds	4	0	0
Broadcloth, 26 yards	3	6	8
Irish wool into England, the stone, containing eighteen pounds	1	5	0

What wonder that the Irish farmers are poor! Ireland had also to pay import duties as follows:

	£	S	D
Coffee, the hundred weight	20	0	0
Drapery (woolen) from foreign ports, per yard	0	10	0
From England, per yard	0	3	4

Thus discriminating in favor of the English manufacturers.

White sugar, foreign, per 112 pounds	9	6	8
Sugar, refined in England, per 112 pounds	6	0	0

Thus discriminating in favor of the English manufacturers.

Tobacco, Spanish and Brazilian, per pound	0	10	0
Tobacco, from English plantations, per pound	0	1	8

Thus discriminating in favor of England.

Tin, of Cornwall and Devonshire, per hundred weight	2	0	0
Pewter, per hundred weight	4	0	0

The Irish were crushed between the upper and nether millstones to enrich England. The term "free trade" is of very recent origin, as it is used and now understood in Great Britain and the United States, as apppears from the following extract from the Irish statutes at large as follows: "The rates of merchandize, that is to say the subsidy of poundage, and the subsidy of tonnage as they are rated in this book, to be paid to the use of his majesty, his heirs and successors forever." Statutes of Ireland, Vol. I., page 534 Thus, import duties are called inward rates, and export duties are called rates outward. Ib., page 524.

It will be seen that Ireland had to pay both import and export duties for the benefit of the king of England. That tariff laws and navigation laws were made to enrich the people of England and to impoverish the people of Ireland. Yet some half informed but honest people are under a delusion as to the import of the term "free trade," as used and understood in the days of Grattan. The people of Ireland wanted export free trade the same as in the United States.

P. CUDMORE.

When you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy some substitute preparation, which clerks may claim is "as good as Hood's." The peculiar merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla cannot be equalled. Therefore insist upon Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE FRENCH LANDING.

A Russian's Graphic Account of the Arrival of Gen. Humbert and a Regiment of Frenchmen at Killala in 1798.

Is the Muscovite Giving an Object Lesson to His Own Country?

[*United Ireland.*]

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK]

Having organized a government of Connaught, Humbert set out for a march in the heart of the country. His intention was to march first in the direction of Roscommon, where he hoped to find the people ready to join him. And as soon as the English army had evacuated the province of Connaught he intended to cross the Shannon to endeavor to make a junction with the insurgents in the north, and then to try and force his way to Dublin. He wrote to the French directory for a reinforcement of 9,000 men, and for a large supply of arms and ammunition, asserting that a month after the arrival of this reinforcement Ireland would be free. Unfortunately, Humbert had lost too much time at Castlebar, which gave to the Marquis of Cornwallis the opportunity of gathering a large army. Humbert first halted at a place called Barnfield. He entered Swinford on the 4th of September, and then pushed on to Tubbercurry. Here the Corrallinay and Coolavin yeomanry cavalry, under Captain O'Hara, advanced to meet the French, but were put to flight after a short engagement, losing one man killed and several wounded and two officers prisoners. At Tubbercurry the French were joined by a considerable body of rebels, who brought with them some Protestant prisoners.

M. Gribayedoff devotes several pages of his book to the charges made by the British, of the bloodthirstiness of the rebels, of their desire to slaughter Protestants, and of the frequent proclamations which Humbert felt bound to make on behalf of the threatened Protestants. There is one fact which is a striking refutation of the falsehood of these charges. Those Protestant prisoners were a encumbrance to the rebels on their difficult march across the mountains. Nevertheless, they delivered them safely into the hands of the French general. But if any further refutation of the calumnies against the rebels were needed it would be found in the statement of the Protestant bishop of Killala, that not a single drop of blood was shed by the rebels except on the field of battle.

From Tubbercurry the French troops marched on to Colooney. Here they were attacked by Col. Vereker, commandant of the garrison of Sligo, who, on learning of the approach of the French, marched to Colooney at the head of about 350 men and two curricle guns. The action lasted for about an hour and a half. It was fought with great spirit upon both sides. The insurgents gave valuable assistance to the French. The British were compelled to retreat with a loss of one officer killed and five officers and twenty two rank and file wounded. The French loss, according to Vereker, was twenty killed and thirty wounded, without counting the loss suffered by the insurgents. Vereker's spirited conduct of the fight earned the warm praise of General Humbert. On the French side the honors of the day were carried off by Bartholomew Teeling, who had previously distinguished himself at Castlebar, where he captured one of the English flags. By this action Vereker had deterred Humbert, who believed that Vereker's force was only the van of a large army, from making an advance on Sligo. We learn from Archdeacon O'Rorke's History of Sligo that the young men of the country, if left to themselves, would had rallied at once to the French eagles if they had not been kept back by the advice of the clergy. He tells us that a night or two after the landing at Killala, about three hundred young fellows of the parishes of Ballysodare and Kilvarnet assembled at Killassar, near Anaghmore, and entered into an engagement to proceed in a few days to the French camp, but after they took the advice of their priests, the three hundred dwindled down to three.

After remaining on the field at Colooney for some hours expecting another attack, the French general resumed his march, taking the high road to Manorhamilton, in the county Leitrim. This delay was unfortunate; it enabled General Lake to advance from Ballaghaderrin. On arriving at Tubbercurry, Lake found Colonel Crawford awaiting him with the Hompeschers and the Roxburgh fencible cavalry; and henceforth this detachment acted as the advance guard of the army. "The services they rendered," says M. Gribayedoff, "in harassing the French were invaluable, but their course was mapped by the most revolting acts of barbarity. They took no prisoners under any circumstances, but cut down in cold blood all stragglers from Humbert's Irish contingent, and even entire bodies of the rebels who offered to surrender. Thus for miles and miles the road in the wake of the French army was strewn with the dead and dying. Farm houses and private dwellings in the vicinity were reduced to ashes, and devastation was spread all over a lately prosperous country."

To accelerate his movements the French general, after leaving Colooney, threw two pieces of cannon into a ditch and five more into the river at Dromahaire, a hamlet on the border of Leitrim. Crawford was close upon his rear and shots were constantly being exchanged between pursuers and pursued. The French march partook of the character of a running fight, devoid of one hour's respite from toil and danger; and at times the enemy's cavalry would approach near enough to occasion a hand-to-hand conflict, in which, while invariably victorious, the French always sacrificed on or more of their meager force. Within a few miles of Manorhamilton Humbert learned of the concentration of rebel troops around the town of Granard, and, conceiving at last that his only remaining hope lay in attaining this point, whereby he would gain a strategical position of great value between the royal army and Dublin, he wheeled to the right and directed his steps towards the south.

The same scenes that had marked his progress from Colooney attended the latter portion of the march. Crawford still hung obstinately on his rear, and harassed him unceasingly with feints and partial attacks. Between Drumshambo and Ballynamore, however, the English officer overstepped the bounds of caution and made a general attack, which resulted disastrously for him, many of his men being killed or wounded and the remainder put to flight. Humbert was only prevented from surrounding the British on this occasion by the mistaken idea that he was engaged with Lake's entire army. On the afternoon of the 7th the French passed the river Shannon at Ballintra, but so close was the pursuit that they were unable to destroy the bridge, as had been their intention. The powder used by Fontaine, who had charge of the operation, proved insufficient for the purpose, and only a slight break was made, which the British afterwards repaired with the ruins of an adjacent house. At nightfall the French arrived at Cloone, and such was the exhausted condition of his men that Humbert found himself forced to give them a couple of hours' rest.

It was at Cloone that he received details of the progress of affairs in Longford and Westmeath. A delegation of insurgents from the neighborhood of Granard informed him that this post had been ineffectually assailed by 6,000 men on the morning of the 5th, and that the following days the patriotic armies had experienced a similar check at Wilson's Hospital in Westmeath. Still they declared that there was no reason to abandon hope, for though unsuccessful in their first efforts, the insurgents were in no wise discomfited, and, fully 10,000 strong, were feverishly awaiting the appearance of their allies, the French. The spokesman of this delegation is described by Fontaine as being armed from head to foot with a large variety of weapons, and bearing in a general way a not remote resemblance to the bold knight errant of the thirteenth century. He appears to have been a very long winded and loquacious individual, for the same writer attributes the fatal delay at Cloone solely to these unnecessary *pour-parlers*. From English sources one learns of another cause of this loss of time. It was the first opportunity the French had had of closing their eyes in sleep during four long days and nights. Every minute of that period had been one of anxiety and toil. Humbert appears to have given orders that he and his officers should be awakened at the end of two hours, but the guard let them sleep four, and thus the British army came nearer than he expected. But for the loss of that two hours the French might have succeeded in reaching Granard, and then Cornwallis' plans would have been upset.

General Lake approached Cloone a little before sunrise on September 8. He had intended to surprise the French during the night, but in the darkness some of the divisions of his army missed their route. The English entered Cloone on one side as the French withdrew on the other.

Lord Cornwallis was on the high road between Hollymount and Carrick on Shannon on the morning of the 7th, when an officer from Lake's division informed him of Humbert's change of front. The lord lieutenant immediately guessed his adversary's intention, and while hastening his own march to Carrick, directed Major General Moore—who had in the meantime been sent to Tubbercurry—to prepare himself for a possible movement against the town of Boyle. Arriving at Carrick in the evening, Lord Cornwallis learned that the French had already passed the Shannon at Ballintra, and were bivouacked at Cloone. Accordingly at ten o'clock the same night he marched with his entire force to Mohill, ten miles further west, where at daybreak on the 8th he was confronted with the fact that Humbert was moving toward Granard. He therefore sent instructions to Lake to attack the enemy's rear without delay, and himself proceeded with all possible expedition to St. Johnstown, through which place, on account of the breaking down of a bridge, the French would necessarily have to pass in order to reach their destination.

In compliance with his instructions, General Lake, after reaching Cloone, redoubled his efforts to force Humbert to an engagement. He mounted five flank companies of militia—viz, the Dublin, Armagh, Monaghan, Tipperary and Kerry—behind the Hompeschers and Roxburgs, and started them off against the worn out foe. When the pursuers drew near, the infantry dismounted and kept up an incessant fire, and, aided by the cavalry, obliged the retreating troops to slacken their pace. Seeing that a battle was unavoidable, the French general finally brought his men to a standstill and made the necessary preparations. Defeat stared him in the face, but, as on former occasions, he was resolved to uphold the honor of his country's flag at any sacrifice. With his usual coolness in moments of danger, he addressed a few words of encouragement to the brave men who had stood by him through the long period of trials and perils, and exhorted them to do their duty to the very last. He posted the army on a hill near the hamlet of Ballinamuck, four miles from Cloone, and the same distance from Mohill. His left was partly protected by a bog, and his right by another bog and a lake. The position was altogether as advantageous a one as could have been selected under the circumstances, but the enormous numerical superiority of the English reduced Humbert's chances, even of escape, to absolutely nothing.

At the very commencement of the action a most regrettable incident occurred, for which no satisfactory explanation has ever been given. General Sarrazin, who, during the entire campaign, had distinguished himself beyond all praise, was suddenly seen to gallop down the first line of the rear division, flourishing his cap on the point of his sword, as a signal of surrender; whereupon the division grounded their arms.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

ATHLETIC NEWS AND NOTES.

Gaelic Sports in Chicago.

Thousands of people flocked to the grounds of the Gaelic Athletic Association, corner of Lincoln and Polk streets, on Sunday last, to witness the sport carried on under the auspices of that body. As on the previous Sunday, the different clubs assembled in uniform at Blue Island avenue and Twelfth streets at 2 p. m., and marched in procession to the grounds, headed by the Father Matthew Temperance fife and drum band. Along the line of march the various clubs elicited much admiration from thousands of spectators for their fine athletic appearance and discipline.

There was an excellent programme of sports arranged by the directors, the first event of which was a game of foot ball between the O'Brien and Shamrock clubs. The game commenced promptly at 3 o'clock and was hotly contested throughout. The clubs were very evenly matched and the play on both sides during the progress of the game was very scientific, and drew forth hearty cheers from the audience. At the end of an hour's play, when time was called, the score stood 3 points to 2 in favor of the O'Briens. The directors had offered a prize of a silver cup to the best all round man in the association at the running high jump, running long jump, hop, step and jump, 100 yard race and 120 yard hurdle race. Following are the names of the competitors: J. J. Sisk, Wm. R. Maloney, Justin White, P. D. Fitzgerald, I. Mulcahey, T. Murphy, P. O'Connell, P. Doyle, J. J. Garrity, and two others whose names can not now be recalled. O'Connell won the high jump at 5 ft, 2 in., J. J. Sisk won the 100 yard race, Fitzgerald won the running long jump, and Doyle won the hurdle race. This left four who won one event each out of the five. There still remained the hop, step and jump, which was won easily by O'Connell of the O'Brien club. Wm. O'Connell, having won two events, was therefore entitled to the cup, with which he was presented on the grand stand. This ended one of the finest day sports ever witnessed in this city, and under the auspices of the youngest athletic organization in existence in this country.

Next Sunday the Grattan and O'Connell clubs will contest in a game of foot ball; there will also be a tug of war and other sports. On Sunday, May 31, there will be a foot ball game between the Inisfails and Davitts.

F. J. RYAN.

Base Ball.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the various clubs in the race for the National League pennant for the week ending May 20:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Chicagos	34	17	7	.708
Pittsburgs	34	18	11	.643
Philadelphias	35	18	12	.600
Clevelands	25	13	12	.520
Bostons	24	12	12	.500
New Yorks	23	10	13	.435
Brookiyns	25	10	15	.400
Cincinnatis	24	9	15	.375

The following are the results of the games played Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday:

Monday, Chicago 13, Brooklyn 4. Cleveland 18, New York 12. Pittsburg 11, Philadelphia 6 Cincinnati 8, Boston 2.

Tuesday, Chicago 9, Brooklyn 4. Cleveland 2, New York 7. Pittsburg 5, Philadelphia 8. Cincinnati 16, Boston 7.

Wednesday, Chicago 8, Palladelphia 6. Cleveland 16, Boston 13. Pittsburg 8, Brooklyn 6.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

	Games played.	Won.	Lost	Per cent.
Bostons	33	24	9	.727
Baltimores	30	20	10	.667
St. Louis	35	20	15	.571
Philadelphias	30	14	16	.467
Louisvilles	37	17	20	.459
Cincinnatis	36	16	20	.444
Columbus	34	14	20	.412
Washingtons	29	7	22	.241

Monday, Baltimore 5, Cincinnati 6 Philadelphia 3, St. Louis 11. Washington 2, Columbus 7. Boston 9, Louisville 5

Tuesday, Boston 14, Louisville 4. Philadelphia 7, St. Louis 6. Washington 9 Columbus 10.

Wednesday, Boston 1, St. Louis 2 Washington 5, Louisville 8. Baltimore 4 Columbus 3. Philadelphia 1, Cincinnati, 3

Local Catholic News.

The Rev. Father McCaffrey, of St. Pius church, has returned to his charge.

The children of the Sacred Heart parish will make their first communion next Sunday morning.

The Holy Family church choir gave a concert in Apollo Hall on Blue Island avenue, May 20, for the benefit of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

A chapel has been opened in the Union Catholic Library Association rooms, where masses will be said Sunday mornings. A priest from St. Mary's church will attend to this duty for the present.

The archbishop will administer the sacrament of confirmation Sunday afternoon in the Holy Family Jesuit church. The various societies of the parish will assemble and act as an escort to his Grace to the church.

The Very Rev. E. Sorin, general of the Holy Cross Order and founder of Notre Dame University, left for a brief visit to the houses of his community in France. The prayers and best wishes of his many friends in this city and elsewhere go with him on his voyage over the sea.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE ESCAPE.

There was much searching after the fugitive officers, a circumstance that the peasantry kept them acquainted with. Often the military parties passed within short distance of their hiding place; but the loyalty of their humble friends stood them in good stead, and the secret of their concealment was kept inviolate. Neither were their wants unattended to. The deer from the hillsides, the grouse from the heather, the mutton from the fertile valleys—all were brought by Ronald's friends and tenants at night to their hiding place; and what with the pure spring water of the hill, mixed with the poteen, their time was passing in an ease and abundance that was strikingly at variance with their late experiences.

But, as the days rolled by and Eugene's strength gathered and grew, a restlessness to be away again and mingling with the busy world outside came upon all. In especial it came upon him, who, now that his foot was on Irish soil, was tenfold anxious to see Seamore. He spent many an hour of reverie wondering what changes had come thereover since he last saw it, and how its inmates had fared. To get away, therefore, had become the leading thought of all. But how?

The answer to this question was a difficult one.

The country was covered with troops, and was carefully watched. Strangers would be sure to be detected, and the accents of the Frenchmen would be quite certain to betray them. Even if otherwise, conveyances in these remote places were not to be had easily, and on the whole any chance of reaching Dublin overland, which they had proposed to themselves, was as hopeless as that of reaching the moon.

With the difficulties, however, grew greater their yearning to get away. MacNevin and Frangois, finding all hopes of active service in Ireland dead, were panting to leave the country and betake themselves again to France, where great enterprises were in course of preparation. Once there, in the bustle of life and in the excitement of military glory they could afford to forget their fruitless efforts in this unfortunate land. Eugene, as we have seen, was most intent on reaching Dublin.

There remained, therefore, only one practicable way—that of escaping by sea.

But that seemed nearly as impossible as the other. The fleet and its captured vessels lay at anchor on the Lough. A guardship watched the entrance thereof, and a man-of-war's boats were busily cruising about both by day and by night.

"I protest I shall go mad if I remain here longer," said Frangois one afternoon, after returning from a stolen reconnaissance through the heather, and a view of the fleet that lay so stately on the unruffled waters of the Lough.

"And I, too," said MacNevin wearily.

"I must say I share your feelings," said Eugene. "Has no one a mode of getting away to propose?"

"I saw a boat drawn up on the beach some distance yonder," said Frangois meditatively.

"A boat?" said the captain of the Hoche quickly.

"Yes; she lies there at present—a four oared boat, with a lug and foresail furled. One would think she was placed there for us."

"He should have a strong imagination that would think that under present circumstances," said MacNevin drily.

"We had better find out something about it, at any rate, I should run any risk to get away at present?" said Eugene. "Do you know anything of her, Ronald?"

"She comes in each night with a searching party—and occasionally in the day-daylight," answered Ronald.

"Do they leave her unprotected?"

"They do, for awhile—at least while they are searching the cabins on the hill, where they believe you to be hidden."

"There is a chance for us, gentlemen!" said Eugene, a new hope arising in his breast.

"It's but a small one—if you mean of escaping by that means," said Ronald gravely.

"It is precisely of escaping I am thinking," said Eugene brightly, "and by that means."

"I am afraid there is but little hope of that. The boat would soon be missed; and, even, if you escaped the other boats in the Lough, the guardship at the mouth of the bay would capture or sink you."

"I wish we were once in her, that's all," said Frangois, breaking in delightedly. "I should be glad to run the chances of escape."

"And I, too," said MacNevin. "We cannot remain here for ever, and escape seems as feasible now as at any other time. Besides, every day adds to the danger of detection."

"I say, Ronald," said Eugene, after a moment's thinking," what do you think would be our best plan of securing her? How could we find out when the searching party leave her?"

"I could not say, her time of coming is so uncertain."

"I shall tell you what we can do," said MacNevin, after a long pause, during which each was occupied in devising plans. "We should have information conveyed to them that we are sheltering in this neighborhood. If a trusty friend conveyed to them the information, and appointed a certain time—say, at dark tomorrow evening—to reveal our whereabouts, we could take advantage of their whereabouts, we could take advantage of their absence and seize the boat, and be far off before they returned."

"It is not a bad idea at all," said Frangois.

"What do you say, Eugene?"

"If it were well worked, I agree with you. But how is it to be done? Could you assist us, Ronald?"

"I shall do anything in my power," answered the latter; "but have you considered the danger? It is rushing on certain capture or death—one or the other—probably the latter."

"For my part, I am willing to risk it," said Eugene.

"And I," said Frangois.

"And I," said MacNevin.

"If," said Eugene, resuming the subject, "we could have a message conveyed them——"

"If you have made up your minds," said Ronald, "to face the danger, I shall have the matter arranged. You need not trouble yourselves as to that."

"Tomorrow evening, then!" said Frangois eagerly. "And hey for *la belle France* again!"

"I think it would be better to wait," said Ronald, "for a few weeks, until the fleet moves away and search dies out. We shall be ready to run you across to France in one of our boats. It is not the first time we have run from here to Bordeaux."

"A few weeks, Ronald!" cried Frangois impatiently. "As well say a few years. Great events are hastening forward in France while we lie hiding here. Every day spent is lost and wasted time. For heaven's sake let us have the chance—whatever comes of it."

"Very well," said Ronald reluctantly; "tomorrow night be it. And, as the night is to be your last here, I do not think we can do better than enjoy it. So I move we proceed to dinner."

A smoking salmon was on the table, flanked with a brace of grouse. A haunch of venison smoked on a side table. The prospect of escape added a new zest to the meal, and three happier guests or with lighter hearts seldom dined amid the heath of the Donegal headlands. The sconces affixed to the clay walls gave a quaint light to the apartment, that made the place feel cozy and pleasant; and when justice had been done to the rough but appetising meal, and their cigars were lit, all four prepared to enjoy their last night amid the heather of Lough Swilly.

Anecdote and incident were related. Two of the party, at least, had seen much of the world—much of that portion of it that lay amid battle scenes—amid the tumult of contending armies; and the stories once heard beside the bivouac fire were retold again.

The morning rays were beginning to come in through the aperture overhead and to dim the light of the candles when they threw themselves on their beds of dried heath and grass, after a night spent in most interesting and unflagging conversation. They were soon sound asleep, and noon had long passed before they opened their eyes.

When they did, a storm was raging on the hillside.

Ronald, with the active habits of the country, was awake and out long before the slumbers of the others had been dispelled.

He returned some time after they had arisen.

"Well, gentlemen," he said as he entered, that matter has been arranged. Their searching party, guided by one of our men, will land below us when darkness sets in, and the venture can be made. They feel certain of success this time."

"It seems to be blowing a hurricane on the Lough," said Ronald. "A dangerous night, if it does not abate, to put to sea."

"So much the better," said Eugene cheerfully. "The worse the storm the better for us."

"Then, if you think so, you had better prepare for the occasion. You will need some arms. Here are some for your use."

He opened a rough press in the earthen wall, from which he brought some very handsomely finished silver mounted pistols and some cutlasses.

"Why these are some of our own," said Eugene in surprise, as he glanced at the latter. "Where did you get them?"

"That is a question hardly fair to ask," said Ronald, laughing. "You don't suppose we have no friends on board the fleet?"

"I trust you have. They were never more wanted than now. And so that is how you got the weapons?"

"Yes. How do you like them? Will they answer your purpose?"

"They are the very things to suit us. Why, Ronald, you are a magician!"

"I am glad you think so. But I shall be still more glad if you have no occasion to need them. And the next thing I should fancy you will want is your dinner. When that is finished, it will be in time to start."

Dinner was soon ready, and the four friends sat down to partake of it. The preparation for the expedition occupied most of their conversation, in the course of which Ronald informed them of his intentions.

They were to climb down the hill in the dusk, hide benind the shrubbery that covers its shores, and, when the searching party in company with their guide had passed up the hill, they were to seize the boat, put out into the bay, hoist their sails, and trust to heaven for the future.

Accordingly when the dinner was over, and that they had exhausted a cigar or two, the time had come for essaying the attempt. It was a bold and dangerous effort; there were many enemies and dangers to be passed; but in the minds of all it was better to run whatever risks might come than encounter another week's *ennui* and enforced imprisonment. The chance of adventure, in the mind of more than one, added to the charm of escape rather than subtracted from it.

Dusk closed in, the shadows of night crept down the hillsides, when, bidding a warm farewell to the humble friends who attended them during their fortnight's rest, the party of four emerged from the cave, and proceeded to descend cautiously the hillside.

Arrived at the lake shore, they ensconsed themselves under Ronald's direction, in a thick brake hard by the shingly strand in which the boat from the fleet generally pulled up.

Here they waited, with no little anxiety, the sound of oars on the water.

An hour and a half of anxious suspense passed over, in which they scarcely dared to whisper to one another. The danger that looked so trifling when they were comfortably situated in the shelter of the cave began by degrees to look vastly greater as the moments grew on.

Finally their ears were gladdened with the noise of voices over the water; the sound of oars was distinctly heard gradually growing nearer; and, while they listened with suppressed breathing, the boat grated on the shingly shore, the searching party stepped out, the skiff was drawn a little out of the water, and the soldiers commenced climbing the hillside.

It was blowing hard from the land—from the direction where the party disembarked—and the the sounds came with greater distinctness on their listening ears.

"Have you a light, sergeant?" The query fell on their ears. "It is so long since I had a smoke that I think a cigar would be of no harm?"

"It is the officer who speaks," whispered Ronald.

"You would find it difficult to get a light in this storm," said the party addressed.

"If you have your flint and touch paper I shall be able to manage it. Have you? For I have forgotten my own."

"Yes, here they are. But they will be useless. The wind is too strong."

"Never mind. I shall try it whilst you are ascending the hill. I shall overtake you. There is a brake yonder a good deal sheltered, in which I fancy I shall manage to light it."

"All right, captain. You will follow us?"

"Yes; I shall shortly overtake you."

The short conversation carried on in a loud voice was clearly enough heard by the anxious listeners. The brake referred to was that wherein they were hidden, and a sudden dread of discovery fell on them.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Caoineadh.

Do clobhuaileadh na lintighe leanas 'san "Insleabhar Pighne" d' Ath-cliath timcheall leithchéad bliadhan ó shoin. Deirthear gurab é Halliday, do sgriobh graimeur na Gaedhilge, do rinne an t-aistruighadh so. Bhi an dán dá bh-fuil an Ghaedhilig 'nna h-aistriughadh, agriobtha a m-Beurla le h-easbog dar bh'ainm Heber. Is caoineadh é mar gheall air bhás caraid dó. Tá beagán leasuighthe cuirthe air, óir ni raibh sé clodhbhuailte go ceart san "Irisleabhar Pighne." Tá smuainte an dáin so an bhreágh, agus ba deacair le fághail aon neith a n-aon teangain nios crábhaighe, no nios dochasáighe do Chriostaidhe iona an dán so.

'San uaimh tá tú sínte, 's ní dheunfam' do chaoineadh,
Gidh buaidhreadh a's smuid bheith ad timcheall, a's crádh;
Acht chuaidh do Shlánuightheoir do cham-shlighe do dhíriughadh,
'S is treoir dhuit 'san n-dorchadas lochran a ghrádh.

'San uaimh tá tú sínte 's ní fheicfimid thú feasda,
'S ní shiúbhalfimid leat a g-cam shighthibh an t-saoghail;
Tá mac Dé ag faumhuin le do ghabháil chum reasda.(1)
'Só d'eug seisan, eugfaidh gach peacach gan baoghal.

'San uaimh tá tú sínte, 's ó 'n g-collain ag gluaiseht,
Do spiorad lag, b'fhéidir, a n-eagla a's leun,
Acht dhealruigh an solus ó neamh air do dhúsecht,
Le binn ceol an tréarsáil(2) dod fháilteughadh chum réin.(3)

'San uaimh tá tú sínte, s ní dheunfam' do chaoineadh,
O tá Dia do threoruighe a's comáidaodhe a n-gráe,—
'S é thug thú, 'sé ghabh thú, 's é dheunas d' aiseocadh,
'S a n-eug níl aon ghath ó fuair seisan bás.

1. "Reasda," this must mean "rest." Not in dictionary.
2. "Tréarsáil," a seraphim.
3. "Réin," genitive of "seun," happiness.

A Draughtsman's Dilemma.

In the office of a prominent architect in Chicago one of the draughtsmen is a young man who came here from Troy, N. Y. He lives at a pension on Wabash avenue. One evening during a cold snap he had occasion to escort a young lady to her home on Thirty-fifth street, and as affairs with them had reached the stage where it is pleasant to be alone together, they walked. The girl was well bundled up, but the young man was not dressed for extremely cold weather, and when they reached their destination he found that his left ear was frosen stiff.

The next day he appeared at the office with his ear poultiesd and bandaged. His employer noticed his condition and remarked upon the extraordinary devotion to duty he displayed. The young man was greatly pleased, and for five minutes quite forgot the pain. After he had been at work for an hour or so he found that his head was irresistibly pulled sideways by the weight of the bandage, and that it was impossible to keep it squarely on his shoulders. But he went on with his work.

Next morning his employer was anything but gracious and informed him that all of the previous day's labor would have to be done over again, for all the lines were out of drawing and the houses leaned perceptibly to the north northwest. The young man attempted to draw the front elevation of a house, but found that he could not draw a perpendicular line, and that the horizontal lines would not lie flat. He couldn't account for this phenomenon until one of his fellows suggested that the bandage on his left ear, which pulled his head over toward his left shoulder, was the cause of it.

The young man thought the explanation plausible. What did he do? Did he lie off until his ear got well? No. That evening he called upon the young lady, induced her to go out for a walk, and left his right ear exposed to the chilling blast. When he reached home he found that he had accomplished his purpose, and that the other ear was frozen as hard as a rock. After that he had no difficulty with his houses.—Chicago Post.

Points for Young Mariners.

A grizzled individual in the attire of a farm hand prowled along the docks all day. With all his rusticity of attire there was a tinge of tar and bilge water about him that added to his swagger and stamped him unmistakably as a son of the sea. His movements attracted considerable attention as he boarded vessel after vessel and inspected the pumps and then whistled for the ship's dog. His cruise extended from the sea wall to Harrison street, and it was at this point that he was accosted by one of Franklin's runners.

"Want to ship, old man?" he asked, as the stranger climbed down from the topsides of the Lady Cairns.

"Yes, I'm going to sea again," was the reply, accompanied by the observation that ranching was not what it was cracked up to be.

"I'll get you a good ship," suggested the runner.

"Well, you needn't bother. I've been to sea for forty years, and mebbe I knows enough to pick out a ship for myself."

"What are you looking for?"

"A fat dog and a rusty pump bolt, you bloody lubber. What do you 'spose I'm looking for?"

"Come and have a drink," suggested the runner, who was anxious to learn the connection between a fat dog and a rusty pump bolt and a desirable ship.

"Well, lads, I'll tell you," said the intimate friend of Neptune, "and you want to remember this, because 't'll be useful some day. It took me many years to larn it, but it's yours for the sake of your kindness. Mark what old George Palmer tells you—when you want to ship look for a fat dog; that means the old man is liberal with his duff and you'll be well fed. Look for a rusty pump bolt, 'cause that means that the craft is right and tight and the crew don't have to break their hearts and backs keeping her dry. If the pump bolt is worn and shiny look out, lads, for she's a sieve, and your watch below will be spent in keeping her hold dry."—San Francisco Examiner.

Diamond Smugglers' Devices.

"Diamonds are smuggled into this country by a good many strange devices," remarked a voluble customs official the other day. "Not long ago I examined the baggage of a newly arrived tourist and found in it a beautiful set of silver mounted brushes. Curiosity prompted me to lift one. I heard something rattle and investigated, with the result that I found over $2,000 worth of stones concealed in the backs of these brushes. Another individual had the heels of his boots hollowed out and fitted with a drawer which he filled with diamonds. One day one of the heels came off and disclosed the hiding place of a number of valuable jewels."—New York Telegram.

THE LOTTERY CASES.

Commenting on the postponment of the lottery case the New York *World* says:

"The Supreme court has postponed the hearing until autumn in order that the case may be determined by a full bench, but the briefs are in, and a careful reading of them is not very reassuring to those who desire to see some effective restraint placed upon this legalized gambling. The argument of the lottery lawyers upon the constitutional questions involved is very strong; that of Assistant Attorney-General Maury for the government seems much weaker than a really capable attorney-general would have made it. If the law lies with the right in the case we must depend upon the court to discover the fact without much help from the attorney-general's office as at present manned."

This is scarcely just to the attorney-general's office. Mr. Maury has made the best case that was possible for the government in the controversy, and has, presumably, acted in full harmony with Attorney-General Miller, who has been prevented by illness from preparing the brief in person. The trouble is that the government has not much of a case on the face of the papers. The measure which the Louisiana Lottery Co. challenges before the Supreme court can be defended only on the ground of moral expediency. Undoubtedly it is, as an abstract proposition, an invasion of the liberty of the press and an infringement of personal rights. Theoretically, if congress may deny the use of the mails to newspapers containing lottery advertisements, it may with equal propriety take similar action in the case of liquor advertisements, playing card advertisements, bucket shop advertisements or any other which the party in the majority at the moment may choose to regard as immoral and pernicious. There is, indeed, no end to the mischief and oppression to which such a principle, once established, may lead. It is but natural, therefore, that the constitution should repudiate it in a general way, and that it should be destitute of support in precedent. We can readily see that the attorney general's office may have found it impossible to defend the law on any but moral, and, to a certain extent, sentimental grounds. As we see it, the question is not whether the government can find any defense in laws already existing, but whether the Supreme court will, in view of the gravity of the case, originate a law to fit this particular emergency. The strictures on Mr. Maury strike us as unjust. He has no case and he virtually confesses as much. What his brief means is that the Supreme court should make a case for him.—*Washington* (D. C.) *Critic-Record.*

The New York *World* comments on the above as follows:

"Why did not the attorney-general then discover the limitations of power and see that the bill was so framed as to be constitutional? The *World* urgently pointed out the necessity for such caution at the time, and the reply uniformly was that the attorney-general's office had thoroughly considered the matter. How comes it, then, that the moment the law is questioned the best the attorney general can do is to confess that he has no case and pray the court "to make a case for him?"

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skilful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 25.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

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TROUBLE AT BELGRADE.

Ex-Queen Natalie Forced to Leave Servia.

TWO OF HER SYMPATHIZERS SHOT.

The First Attempt to Escort the Ex-Queen to the Hungarian Frontier Results in Failure and a Riot—Final Triumph of the Gendarmes — Another Ghastly Mystery in England—Russia's Public Executioner Wants More Pay.

VIENNA, May 19.—The prefect of Belgrade, charged with the duty of expelling Queen Natalie from the country, went to her residence Monday, compelled her to enter a carriage and drove with her to the quay, where the royal yacht was awaiting her. On the way a number of students detached the horses and dragged the carriage with the queen back in triumph to her residence. At night there was a riot and the troops fired on the citizens, killing two and wounding many. There is great excitement in Belgrade. At daybreak the combat was renewed, and this time the victory rested with the gendarmes, who broke through the line of students and made their way into the palace, where they summoned the chamberlain of the ex-queen and ordered him to arouse her.

Taken to the Frontier.

Natalie at length made her appearance and informed the officers of the gendarmes that she would yield to force to save further bloodshed. She then permitted herself to be conducted to a carriage, by which she was taken to a train that bore her to the Hungarian frontier. The bitterness of feeling as well as the sympathy for ex-Queen Natalie have been increased by these events and further trouble is almost inevitable. The troops are held in readiness by the government for summons at a moment's notice and every precaution is being taken to avert an outbreak. Excitement throughout the city of Belgrade is intense.

ANOTHER MYSTERY IN ENGLAND.

A Terribly Mutilated Corpse Found at a Liverpool Dock.

LONDON, May 18.—A sailor's bag, newly painted black, decorated with the British and Norwegian ensigns, represented as flying from crossed staffs and bearing the initials T. A. M. and the name "Girvan," was found Tuesday floating in the Handon dock at Liverpool. Upon being taken out of the water and opened the bag was found to contain the terribly mutilated corpse of a boy apparently about 15 years of age. His throat had been cut and both legs had been removed below the knees in order to make possible the packing of the body in the bag.

No Clew to the Murderer.

There was also found in the bag a knife and a saw, both being new and both having fragments of flesh adhering to their blades. A careful examination of the condition of the body, added to the appearance of the bag as well as to the instruments with which the crime was committed, shows the murder to have been one of recent occurrence. The police authorities of Liverpool are as yet without a clew to the identity of the murderer or murderers. A most thorough search, however, has already been instituted among the crews of the ships in the harbor and the sailors' lodging houses are under close watch.

KILLED BY LOCUSTS.

Terrible Death of a President of an Ethnological Society.

ALGIERS, May 19.—The French savant, M. Kunckel Herculais, the president of the Ethnological society, who was employed by the government in investigating the locust plague in this province, has met a horrible death. While examining a deposit of locusts' eggs at the village of Sideral he was overcome with fatigue and heat and fell asleep on the ground. While sleeping he was attacked by a swarm of locusts. On awakening he struggled desperately to escape. He set fire to the insect-laden bushes near him, but all his efforts proved ineffectual, and when finally the locusts left the spot his corpse was found. M. Herculais was a member of the French academy and an author of several valuable works on insects.

Not Like the Old Uhlans.

BERLIN, May 19.—While a detachment of uhlans were crossing the railway track at Lissa, Prussia, Monday the Rawotch express suddenly came upon them from around a curve. The soldiers became panic-stricken, and in the confusion hindered one another in their efforts to escape. The train plunged among them and two men and three horses were killed, several others of the soldiers being more or less injured.

The Assault on the Czarewitch.

TOKIO, May 19.—A prescript has been issued by the Mikado in which he deplores the injury inflicted on the czarewitch by the recent assault upon his person by a Japanese subject. The Mikado promises that the punishment of the offender will be swift, so that the existing friendly relations between Japan and Russia may not be disturbed.

Latest Thing in Strikes.

LONDON, May 19.—The Russian minister of justice has received an application for an increase of pay from Reinhold, the public executioner, who claims in the application that his duties, as a head chopper, are poorly compensated in comparison with those of hangman in England, while at the same time, he thinks, more disagreeable.

Left Moscow in Disgust.

LONDON, May 19.—It is said that several German and English exhibitors at Moscow have withdrawn their exhibits and started for home, owing to indignation at the evidence of Russian barbarity in the treatment of the Jews. Trade in Moscow is at a standstill.

Plague of Locusts.

LONDON, May 19.—Swarms of young locusts are appearing in Upper Egypt. The Egyptian government is issuing instructions on the best means of coping with the plague and preventing the utter destruction of the cotton and maize crops.

Fought a Fatal Duel.

LONDON, May 19.—Another tragic German duel is reported, this time from Hanover. A lawyer named Scholt, holding a commission in the army reserves, had a quarrel with a student named Routh, a challenge being the result. Pistols were used instead of swords, and both combatants fired to kill. Routh was shot dead. Scholt, upon seeing what he had done, hurried away from the field, and so far has not been captured, although the officers of the law are in pursuit.

Sailed for America.

BERLIN, May 19.—Mrs. Phelps, the wife of the American minister to Germany, Mr. William Walter Phelps, has sailed from Bremen for New York on the steamer Lahn of the North German Lloyd line. The minister's daughter, Miss Phelps, will, in company with her aunt, Mrs. Boardman, and the Misses Boardman, soon start on a trip to Norway.

TROUBLE AT WEST SUPERIOR.

A Strike in the Wisconsin City Involving 1,200 Men.

WEST SUPERIOR, Wis., May 19.—A great labor strike is on in this city. The number of men taken off from public work alone is fully 1,200. The strike originated with the employes of Wolf & King's contractors, who employ about 700 laborers, who demand $3 instead of $1.75 a day. About half of these compelled the other half to quit work. The men then marched about the city and stopped work wherever laborers were employed.

Special Police Sworn In.

Two hundred and fifty men working on the new steel plant were also compelled to quit. Fifty special police have been sworn in. The contractors, twelve in number, passed a resolution to maintain the present standard of wages for common labor. An effort to resume work will be made. Many of the men now out would gladly return to work if they did not fear violence.

MADE WITH PEN AND INK.

Counterfeit Bills of Different Denominations Discovered.

NEW YORK, May 19.—There is a pen-and-ink counterfeiter whom the officials of the sub-treasury would like to lay their hands on. Monday a $10 counterfeit silver certificate, all in pen and ink, was received and thrown out. It is a wonder that any bank or business man could have accepted it, for it is on the flimsiest paper, and the omissions in the text are glaring. The good bills have at the top "This certifies that there have been deposited in the treasury of the United States." The counterfeit had not a word of the first phrase, but had the words "United States." Then the titles of the register and the treasurer of the United States were omitted. Some time ago a $50 pen-and-ink bill and a $20 pen-and-ink bill were received. All are doubtless the work of the same hand.

Conflagration at Perry, N. Y.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 19.—A special to The Morning Herald from Perry, N. Y., says: Fire broke out at half past 3 o'clock Monday afternoon in the rear of Goldwater's clothing store. The fire started in some rubbish and communicated to a quantity of oil barrels. The whole row of buildings from the National bank to Lake street, comprising Coldwater's clothing store, Herron's grocery, William's general store, Gillett's dry goods store, Zeger's clothing store and Olin's hardware store were burned. The Citizens' bank and the National bank, on either end of the row, were saved by a great effort, also the contents of Olin & Co.'s hardware and carriage store. The total loss is estimated at about $100,000 with about $50,000 insurance.

The Old Folks Will Pursue Her.

MAY'S LANDING, May 19.—A sensation was created in this place Sunday when it became known that William Murray, an Englishman in the employ of the Wood Manufacturing company, had eloped with Miss Sallie Bozarth, the handsome 17-year-old daughter of William A. Bozarth. Miss Bozarth's parents intend to pursue the couple, cause Murray's arrest and compel their daughter to return home.

Bound to Guard Their Secret.

BOSTON, May 19.—A Skowhegan, Me., dispatch states that it having been discovered that surreptitious attempts had been made to obtain the formula used in the tanning of leather by the Leland Tanning company, a guard has been placed around the works armed with Winchester rifles, with orders to shoot any one that approaches without the necessary authority.

A pachos on the Murder Path.

CLIFTON, Ariz., May 19.—Nat Whittum, a rancher on Blue river north of this place, was found dead in his cabin Saturday by two men named Frits and Boyles. He had been shot through the body, his cabin had been pillaged and his, horses, guns and saddles stolen. The murder is believed to have been the work of Apaches, and a party of men have left for the scene.

Princely Offer of a Congressman.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., May 19.—Congressman J. J. Belden has sent to the common council an offer to build and donate to the city a fire-proof library and art building to cost not less than $150,000. The only condition imposed by Mr. Belden is that the city shall spend annually the sum of $6,000 for the support of the library.

Carpet Weavers on Strike.

PHILADELPHIA, May 19.—One thousand operatives in the employe of J. & J. Dobson, carpet manufacturers of this city, struck Monday. Their grievance is the importation of English operatives. The employes also claim that the Dobsons have violated the contract labor law by importing weavers from England.

Died of Hydrophobia.

RACINE, Wis., May 19.—James Smith, formerly a well-known business man of this city, died recently in El Paso, Tex., of hydrophobia. He was for a long time foreman of the St. Paul shops in this city, and one of the best shots in the state and was known to every sportsman in the northwest.

Double Sculling Race Between Experts.

TORONTO, Ont., May 19.—The challenge of Gaudaur and McKay to William O'Connor and Edward Hanlan to a double scull race has been accepted. The race is to take place five or six weeks hence. The details have not as yet been arranged.

Fatal Explosion of Gasoline.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 19.—By the explosion of a gasoline stove in the rear of 519 Post street, one man was burned to death and two men and a woman seriously injured. The cause of the explosion is not known.

DISASTERS ON THE RAIL.

Narrow Escape of Passengers on the Long Island Road.

THE ENGINEER CRUSHED TO DEATH

And a Friend Who Was Riding with Him Also Killed—The Fireman Frightfully Scalded by Escaping Steam—Fatal Wreck in Indiana on the Chicago and Atlantic Road—Brakeman and Fireman Killed in a Wreck.

NEW YORK, May 18.—An accident on the Long Island railroad near Greenville Sunday night was caused by the train striking a wagon which was being driven across the track at a crossing. The impact threw the engine from the rails and it plunged down a steep embankment. The train consisted of only one passenger coach and a baggage car. Both cars remained on the track, but were telescoped. In the cab with the engineer, Frank Coombes, was a friend named Jarvis and Fireman Michael Riordan. The accident happened so suddenly that none of the men had time to jump and went to the bottom of the embankment with the engine.

Crushed Under the Wreck.

As it plunged downward it turned upon its side. The engineers and his friend fell under it and were crushed to death. The fireman slipped down between the engine and tender and was jammed between both. The imprisoned fireman was frightfully scalded by the escaping steam. The other persons injured were Conductor Jones and Brakeman Riordan; the former was bruised and shocked and the latter badly injured. The locomotive was badly wrecked and the two cars were wedged together and badly splintered. The few passengers on board miraculously escaped injury.

Fatal Collision in Indiana.

HUNTINGTON, Ind., May 18.—At 1 o'clock Sunday morning passenger train No. 4, on the Chicago and Atlantic railway, came into a front collision with a freight train at this place. Both engines are almost total wrecks. Passengers escaped serious injury, but engineer Cal Lyons, of the passenger train, was killed, and David Griffith, fireman of the freight engine, was seriously hurt. The air-brake of the passenger train failed to work, and it was discovered that somebody had tampered with it. Two tramps stealing a ride were suspected of the deed and were arrested.

Disastrous Wreck in Alabama.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., May 18.—At Philaris, Ala., early Monday morning a rear-end collision occurred between two southbound freights on the Louisville and Nashville railroad. Brakeman J. M. Costello was instantly killed and his body burned in the wreck. Firemas Lester Brown was also killed and Engineer Edmunds hurt mortally. Three oil cars took fired and the wreck was consumed.

Fireman Fatally Scalded.

ATCHISON, Kan., May 18.—A southbound Missouri Pacific freight train was ditched at Hall's Station, Mo. Fireman Thomas Wallace, of Kansas City, was fatally scalded. The track was under water, and it is believed the wreck was caused by the spreading of the rails.

THE ESMERALDA WILL FIGHT.

Her Captain Tells the Captain of the Charleston That Much.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 18.—A telegram from an officer on the Charleston at Acapulco says that the Itata had not been seen or heard from at 3 a. m. When the Charleston entered the harbor she passed near the Chilian war vessel Esmeralda. The Charleston went to quarters and loaded her battery for an emergency. Soon after the Charleston anchored the Esmeralda steamed into port and Capt. Remy had an interview with her commander.

Bound to Take the Itata.

The latter said frankly that the Charleston would never take the Itata until the Esmeralda was sunk. Remy replied that his orders were to take the Itata and it would make no difference whether the Esmeralda was in Acapulco or not. The Charleston is ready for action, as every one expects a fight if the Itata appears. It is rumored that the Esmeralda had communication at sea with the Itata Tuesday and that the latter steamed south after receiving provisions from the Esmeralda.

IN THE COKE REGION.

Two Deputies to Each Workingman at the Red Stone Works.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., May 18.—The Frick Coke company made a small start at Red Stone works Monday. Fifteen ovens were fired, and they claim to have twenty-five diggers at work. There are two deputies for every workingman. The strikers angrily view the curling smoke and the progress of work from the public road, but are not allowed to step onto the company's property.

About 275 Houses and Stores Burned.

MUSKEGON, Mich., May 18.—This city was visited by a terrible conflagration Saturday. The district burned over comprises from thirty-five to forty acres and was built up mainly by laboring people. There were about 275 houses and stores burned, and from 1,000 to 1,500 people are homeless. Pine street, which was swept on each side, was built up of small business blocks used for stores below and furnished living quarters for families overhead. The main business portion of the city was not affected, nor did the fire reach the better residence quarter. There will be no suffering on the part of those whose homes have been destroyed, as the citizens have already started subscription funds and will look after the destitute without calling on outside cities for assistance.

Disastrous Fire at Joliet.

JOLIET, Ills., May 18.—The extensive barb wire and wire drawing plant of the Joliet Enterprise company, was destroyed by fire at 2 o'clock Monday morning. Loss, $260,000; insurance, $65,000. Three hundred men are thrown out of employment by the fire. The origin of the fire is unknown. The company will rebuild.

The Lumber Dealers' Boycott.

NEW YORK, May 18.—There are ninety-two lumber dealers now banded together in the Lumber Trade association. Nearly all shops have joined the general lockout.

WELCOME RAIN IN MICHIGAN.

The Forest Fires Can Not Do Very Much More Damage.

TRAVERSE CITY, Mich., May 18.—The danger from the forest fires in the west end of the state is believed to have been passed, and the only destruction now possible will come in the half cleared districts where the coals still smolder in old stumps and dry brush on the ground. For a few hours early Friday morning there was a panic along the line of the Western Michigan railway when a lively wind sprang up and set the flames in motion again. They burned a number of small shanties and farmhouses and threatened some valuable mills

Rain Begins to Fall.

At 6 or 7 o'clock a wind, which was nearly a gale, sprang up and blew fierce ly from the north until 11 o'clock. Its coming was hailed with relief by timber men, for it can only drive the fire back over the district already scorched by the flames of a week ago. At noon rain fell heavily, and gave what is believed to be the final stroke in this section. Should the rain continue the most dangerous fire that has threatened this part of Michigan in twenty years will be completely drowned out. For the first time since last Thursday week people are breathing easily.

SUNDAY DROWNING ACCIDENTS.

Several People Meet Death While Boating on the Water.

VERNDALE, Minn., May 18—R. F. McDougall and his 5-year-old son were drowned Sunday in a mill pond. Their boat capsized. A 10-year-old boy and Mrs. McDougall were saved by Doc Bolton. The bodies are not yet found.

PHILADELPHIA, May 18—Mrs. Susan Pascoe, aged 24, and her infant son Christopher, of 1722 Ward street, and Miss Mary Carr, aged 22, were drowned in the Schuylkill river off Gibson's point Sunday afternoon by the upsetting of a sailboat. Five other persons, including three men, a woman and a child, who were also in the boat were rescued.

LOWELL, Mass., May 18.—Robert Brothers and Andrew Hardy, aged about 16 years, were drowned in the Merrimac river, near North Chelms Ford, by the capsizing of their canoe.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., May 18.—Frank Webber and Lewis O. Lanshire, young men of the town of Milford, were drowned in the sound by the capsizing of their boat.

THE BROOKLYN HANDICAP.

Pulsifer's Horse Tenny Captures the Great Race.

NEW YORK, May 15.—The great Brooklyn handicap was run at the Gravesend track Friday afternoon. Large crowds

TENNY.

were in attendance. Tenny won the race by two lengths, Prince Royal second by a head, and Tea Tray third; time 2:10. Barnes rode the winner.

STONED THE ITALIANS.

Chicago Dagoes Roughly Handled by Section Men at Buckley, Ills.

CHAMPAIGN, Ills., May 15.—The southbound passenger train on the Illinois Central left in this city Thursday afternoon a car-load of Italian laborers. The section men of the Illinois Central on the sections south of Buckley have struck for higher wages. Some labor contractor in Chicago sent out a gang of Italians to take the places of the striking section men. When the train arrived at Buckley a large crowd was assembled at the depot. Bryan, the man in charge of the Italians, intended to leave twelve of them at Buckley, but when they got off the train they were attacked by the crowd and stoned. The Italians retreated into their car, several of them being injured by the stones thrown by the infuriated crowd. The foreigners were brought on to this city and taken to Chicago on a return train.

Lockout on the Northwestern.

CHICAGO, May 14.—At precisely 7 o'clock Thursday morning every switchmen in the employ of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway company—200 in this city and 300 employed at points along the line—was discharged and paid off. The company chose this hour as the most convenient to notify both the day and night men that their services would no longer be required. The road has been preparing for this action during the past two months, and for every man discharged Thursday morning there was another ready to take his place. Yardmaster Frank McInerny, whose discharge the switchmen demanded and enforced by a tie-up during General Manager Whitman's illness six weeks ago, was reinstated Thursday morning and took charge of the new men.

Dynamite Outrage in Missouri.

OAK GROVE, Mo., May 18.—The house of Daniel Morgan, a quiet and reputable citizen, three miles south of this place, was demolished by an explosion of dynamite Friday night. It is not known who perpetrated the outrage. Mrs. Morgan's collar-bone was broken, and she was otherwise injured. Mr. Morgan was badly injured, though not fatally. His two children escaped unhurt, but a stepson was blown twenty yards through a tree top, and alighted on a fence. He was not badly hurt.

Ohio Coal Mine Troubles Settled.

COLUMBUS, O., May 15.—The trouble between the Ohio coal miners and operators is finally settled. Both parties to the controversy were anxious to avert a strike, and the feeling led to mutual concessions. There was a thorough discussion of the entire situation, and the operators succeeded in convincing the miner representatives that they were not in position to grant the demands.

For Governor of Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 18.—The state Democratic convention resumed its session Friday morning, and after much sharp maneuvering on the part of the managers of the candidates nominated ex-Congressman John Young Brown, of Henderson, for governor.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

A Roman newspaper is authority for the statement that the Italian government is about to address a circular to the European powers submitting the conduct of the United States government in the New Orleans affair to their judgment.

Michael Davitt and wife sail from Liverpool for Quebec May 14 on their journey to California. Mr. Davitt will stop at Winnipeg to inspect the Crofter colony in that vicinity. He goes thence to Idaho and later to San Francisco.

Julia Winslow, of Warren, Ills., a student in the normal school at Plattville, Wis., became insane through hard study.

John J. Ingalls will address the Monona Lake assembly, a branch of the Chautauqua circle, at Madison, Wis., August 1 next.

Pennsylvania is to have a Saturday half holiday law. The full holidays are New Year's Day, Washington's Birthday, Good Friday, Decoration Day, Independence Day, Labor Day, Thanksgiving Day, and Christmas Day. The half holidays will be the afternoon of every Saturday from and inclusive of June 15 until and inclusive of Sept. 15.

A son of F. Chappell was robbed of $80 in Jerseyville, Ills., by unknown persons who got him drunk.

Information has been received at Calcutta to the effect that friendly Manipuris have captured the regent and that the Manipur general-in-chief has yielded.

A colored woman has hung out her doctor's sign in Brooklyn. She is Mrs. Varina N. H. Morton, graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, daughter of a colored missionary, and wife of a physician.

John Ziegler returned to his home at Moberly, Mo., unexpectedly and saw his wife elope with a stranger, who drove off with her in a buggy.

John McSwayne, of Leadville, Colo., set his house on fire while drunk and was fatally burned.

The census in France shows an increase in population of 108,000 yearly, as compared with an increase of 435,000 yearly in Germany.

Harman Rust, living seven miles north of Ackley, Iowa, was killed by lightning.

C. Newitt, a ranchman, was accidentally shot and killed at Fair Play, Colo., by A. M. Jones.

State Senator Major, of Fayette, Mo., has sued the Clark's Farmers' and Laborers' union for $100,000 damages for libel. The union's newspaper charged him with being untrustworthy.

A daughter of Congressman Breckinridge, of Kentucky, having been graduated with honors at Wellesley several years ago, has now taken up the study of law in her father's office.

Bertha Knoff, of Leavenworth, Kan., while crazed with the grip jumped into a well thirty feet deep. She was rescued, the cold bath restoring her senses and health.

John Schlig, a saloonkeeper of Racine, Wis., assaulted Mrs. John Heist because she made a complaint against him for selling liquor to her husband.

John Grimes was arrested at Hastings, Neb., for trying to wreck a train on the Union Pacific.

Andrew Harms, of Peoria, Ills., while fishing was seized with a fit and fell from his boat into the lake and drowned.

At Weston, W. Va., Solomon Etaw set fire to the house of B. B. Bennett and shot Bennett dead. Etaw was arrested and placed in jail.

H. C. Frick, whose miners are making all the trouble in the coke regions, bears the same relation to the coke business that Andrew Carnegie does to the iron and steel business. One of his coke companies has a capital of $5,000,000, and controls 35,000 acres of coal land.

Mrs. Amos Everett, of Johnstown, Neb., was burned to death in a prairie fire.

Work on the Grady hospital at Atlanta is stopped because of lack of funds. There is needed $30,000 more.

The Florence silk mills at Paterson, N. J., have been placed in the hands of a receiver. The assets are $42,000 and the liabilities $45,000.

The bill prohibiting the truck system, and preventing deductions from wages, except for money advanced, was passed by the Illinois senate.

Peter Gallagher, a mine boss at Wellston, Ohio, was attacked in his carriage by Miss Foster and gave her a cowhiding.

The Kansas State Sunday-School association is in session at Emporia. Seven hundred delegates are in attendance.

The new rifle adopted by the German army is of so much longer range than the arm previously used that the old rifle butts can no longer be utilized and the infantry are obliged to practice in the artillery ranges.

The third biennial banquet of the "Logan 108" will be held at Springfield, Ills., on the evening of the 27th of May.

The schooner W. C. Kimball, of Northport, with all on board, was lost in a gale off Point Betsey, north of Frankfort, Mich. There were four persons on board—the captain, James Stevens, two sailors, and one passenger, W. P. Wolff, a Northport correspondent who was taking a pleasure trip.

The condition of the growing wheat crop in Michigan is reported by the state department to range from 99 to 104 per cent., which is much above the average. Fruit was only slightly injured by the cold wave.

A car load of cherries has been shipped to Chicago from Vacaville, Cal. This is the first full car load of green fruit shipped from Carlifornia this year.

Dr. Talmage commends Dr. Bridgman for resigning when he could no longer preach the doctrine of his sect, and says that when he himself changes his religious views he will also resign, and announce that "hereafter he will preach night and morning at Agnostic hall, corner of Doubtful avenue and Skeptic street."

Druggist Stevenson, of Nelson, Neb., who caused the death of Miss Carrie Easley by a mistake in filling a prescription, has been found guilty of manslaughter.

Herr Baron, a jeweler of Vienna, while traveling from Prague on his way home from a business visit to Bohemia was robbed of his trunk, which contained jewelry valued at 20,000 florins.

Mr. Albert G. Porter, the United States minister to Italy, is preparing to spend the summer in the highlands near Roca de Papa. He has no idea of leaving Italy.

Lord Wolseley, says The Dublin National Press, since he has become commander-in-chief of the military forces in Ireland, has become a home ruler.

Six hundred colored laborers from St. Louis passed through St. Paul en route to the state of Washington for the purpose of breaking a strike now on there among white laborers.

Louis Leiber, a farmer living near Mount Carmel, Ills., has struck a vein of natural gas on his farm.

Clarence E. Mitchell, assistant bookkeeper for the Green Bay Lumber company at Des Moines, Iowa, committed suicide by shooting himself. He was unmarried, received a good salary, and had amassed considerable property.

Soren Hanson, a Racine, Wis., merchant, tried to commit suicide in his home by hanging. He was cut down and will recover.

Mrs. Custer expects to go abroad soon and spend six weeks in London. To literary people in England she has several letters of introduction.

Sir John Macdonald, the Canadian premier, is dangerously ill.

By the collapse of gearing in the shaft of the Ida pit near Oelsnite and Lugan, Saxony, four men were crushed to death and many others injured.

John L. Dodge, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, won the first prize in the Boylston orations at Harvard university.

Work was resumed on the National Tube works at Pittsburg. The strike on the part of the machinists lasted fifteen weeks, and the men came out victorious, going back at nine hours.

Joshua R. Gordon, the pioneer merchant at Galesburg, Ills., is dead, aged 69 years.

The state insurance commissioner of Michigan has decided that the Order of Ægis has no legal right to do business in the state.

Fire in the malt room of the Christian Moerlin Brewing company at Cincinnati did $50,000 damage; covered by insurance.

At Coshocton, Ohio, the miners' strike that has lasted for two months was declared off.

Mrs. Margery Lord died at Elgin, Ills., aged 92 years. Her husband, Capt. Ralph Lord, was a soldier in the war of 1812.

The first cast of pig iron in the Shenango valley, Pa., for over four months was made Thurday night at Sharon.

The body of an unknown man was found hanging from a tree near Harlem, Mo. He was a small man, a German, about 55 years of age.

Losses by forest fires in five counties of Michigan are estimated at $2,000,000. Hundred of families in the state are destitute and many persons are suffering from severe burns.

The community of Weaver, Iowa, is much incensed over the mysterious disappearance of E. Payne, a local section boss, who deserted his young wife.

The Hessian fly has made its appearance in great numbers in the wheat fields of south central Kansas.

Business failures throughout the country during the past week numbered 227, as compared with a total of 253 the previous week, and 212 for the corresponding period one year ago.

At Atkins, Ark., Dr. G. H. Home killed Adam and Sitt Hatley, the result of a family feud. Home says he has three more Hatleys to kill.

At Allegheny City Miss Stable, an electric light inspector, grasped a live wire with improperly insulated pliers and received a shock of 3,000 volts. It was fifteen minutes before the current was turned off and Stable could release himself. His hands and feet are fearfully burned.

Robbers entered the house of Mme. Annie Mull, at Birmingham, Ala., saturated the place with oil, chloroformed her, robbed her of a pair of $800 diamond earrings and $50 in cash, and set fire to the place. The inmates had a narrow escape. The house was saved, but the furniture was destroyed.

Ex-Govenor Hoard, of Wisconsin, took the Red Cross degree of Knights Templar, at Janesville, Wis.

Representatives of the Harvard and the Yale boat clubs met at New London, Conn., and signed an agreement by which the Yale-Harvard races are to be rowed on the Thames river for the next five years.

John A. Dillon, for eight years managing editor of The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, has gone to New York to assume editorial control of The World.

Sam Musler, an old character, of Valparaiso, Ind., dropped dead.

Two young ladies in New York are said to make from $10,000 to $15,000 a year teaching chess.

J. B. French, of Northfield, Minn., and Carrie Ellis of the same place, aged respectively 21 and 16 years, eloped Friday and, crossing the border line into Wisconsin, were married.

The postoffice at Tripoli, Bremer county, Iowa, was entered by burglars Saturday night who blew open the safe and stole all the stamps and money in the office.

Bradford Merrill, who has been for five years past managing editor of The Philadelphia Press, will assume editorial charge of The New York Press soon after June 1.

Professor Wiggins, the Canadian weather prophet, has written a "scientific" novel decribing life in Jupiter.

Nine cases of scarlet fever in the New Haven, Conn., jail have necessitated the removal of the prisoners to another jail.

The St. Elmo Times, Independent, of Vandalia, Ills., has been sold to T. W. Hart, the owner of The Vandalia Leader. The papers will be consolidated and be Democratic in politics.

Joseph Bahn, employed in a steam-shovel gang at Bismarck, N. D., was killed by being smothered under six feet of earth.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. For all affections of the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled, and some of the cures it has effected are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms, be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1, six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months..... 1.25
Single Copies..... 05
Clubs of five, ten, or more, by mail, yearly each..... 2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, MAY 23, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"Alabama."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"Blue Jeans."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Streets.—"The Patrol."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"All the Comforts of Home."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—The Bostonians."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—Tony Pastor.

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets.—Rob't McWade, "Rip Van Winkle."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"STUDENT," Kankakee—Gen. Moreau, the victor of Hohenlinden, was considered, next to Bonaparte, the greatest strategist produced by the French Revolution. Marshal Massena was considered second only to Moreau as a great general of the second order of merit. Moreau, unfortunately for his fame, proved a traitor to France, and was killed fighting against his country at the battle of Dresden in 1813.

"EX-FIREMAN," New York—Dennis J. Swenie, Chicago's famous fire marshal, was born in Scotland of Irish parents. He has been in the fire department of this city since boyhood, and is unsurpassed in his profession, either at home or abroad. Marshal Swenie's chief characteristics are quick perception, rapid execution and cool courage. Added to these fine qualities, he has had the greatest possible amount of experience in his particular line. The position of fire marshal has become non-political in Chicago.

"POLICEMAN," City—The term "peeler" was originally applied to the Irish, now the "Royal" Irish, Constabulary when Sir Robert Peel's bill remodeled the original police force after the granting of Catholic emancipation in 1829. The term "Bobby," as applied to a policeman, is of Cockney birth. "Fly Cop" is, we believe, an American term.

"IRISH PHILOMATH," St. Louis—The phrase "An Irishman has leave to speak twice," is of English origin, and is meant to reflect upon the Celtic race. None but a very ignorant Irishman would use it in regard to himself.

"ULSTER NATIONALIST," City—Richard Montgomery, major general of the Continental army, killed in the assault on Quebec, was born at Raphoe, county Donegal. He was a Protestant, and had been in the British service.

"C.B.," City—It may be as well for you and others to understand distinctly that, having passed the civil service examination for clerk, carrier or otherwise in the postoffice, you will have to wait for your turn on the list, according to your average. No amount of "influence" can "jump you" over the heads of those who have passed with a higher average than your own. When your turn comes you will be duly notified by the postoffice authorities.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

IRISH WOLVES ARE NOT EXTINCT.

The Cork *Herald* is making an abortive attempt to be humorous at the expense of Mr. Parnell and his friends in this country. Because THE CITIZEN has advised union, and a consequent end of the prevailing suicidal faction fight in Ireland, the *Herald* indulges in sundry smart sneers, which smack strongly of pettifogging patriotism. It quotes from a CITIZEN article in which it was said that "Mr. Parnell, in general, avoids personalities," and suggests that some one should send us a list of the additions made by Mr. Parnell to the language "sacred to Mrs. Biddy Moriarty." The Cork *Herald*, and papers like it, can not understand political magnanimity. They think that when THE CITIZEN advocates peace and union it has, therefore, receded from its original position. They prefer the faction fight kept up, and declare that Mr. Parnell is the only obstacle in the face of union. In the same breath they assert he has no following either in Ireland or here! In that case, how can he be an obstacle to union? It is strange that Parnell should be so well received by the masses of the people in Tipperary, Mayo, Galway and elsewhere in Ireland if he has no "following." Perhaps the Cork *Herald* is too aristocratic to consider the Irish masses a "following." Its idea of a following is the "classes," in which prelates and priests are largely included.

It says that "Mr. Finerty is now Mr. Parnell's only journalistic supporter in the United States." This may be, in a measure, true as regards active support, but very many of the Irish and Catholic American journals of the United States are by no means hostile to the Irish leader. One Catholic paper in particular, the *Union and Times*, of Buffalo, N. Y., edited by the Rev. Father Cronin, was quite as strongly for Parnell as THE CITIZEN, at the outset. We have been given to understand that its recent neutral position is due to the influence of superior authority. Many of the priests in this country prefer Parnell to any other leader, and we are sure that many in Ireland feel likewise, if they dared to express themselves. The cable informs us almost daily of hardships suffered by Irish clergymen who have openly taken the side of the Irish leader. They have been "disciplined" by their bishops, which means that they are compelled to remain silent or suffer the consequences. THE CITIZEN is no advocate of papal interference in Irish affairs, as is well known, but it would heartily applaud his Holiness if he were to sit heavily down on the bishops who want to run everything in Ireland to suit themselves. Some of these all but revolted against the Pope in former years—Bishop Nulty, who hinted at a schism, is among them—and yet they refuse to give their priests the rights of which they complained the Pope deprived themselves. His Holiness would make a grand move for the benefit of religion in Ireland if he would immediately issue an encyclical absolutely forbidding the interference of bishops and priests in Irish politics, under any pretext whatever. This would put a stop to a scandal that seems to be increasing daily—a scandal due quite as much to the subserviency of the laymen as it is to the meddlesomeness of a large proportion of the clergy, who seem to dearly love the excitement of political campaigning.

The truth about the Parnell McCarthy imbroglio is this: The rank and file of the Irish people love Parnell, but know little about McCarthy, except that he is a "d—d literary fellow," living somewhere in London. He has been set up against Parnell as a figurehead, very much as the pretender, Lambert Simnel, was set up by the Yorkists against Henry VII. The only formidable rivals of Parnell in the leadership are now confined in Galway jail, and are too loyal, and too noble, to seek to act the part of Bolingbroke with Richard II. The Irish masses love Parnell, but they love Ireland more, and would wish to see union re established on a sound and permanent basis. It is perfectly true that no money, to amount to much, can be raised in America while the quarrel lasts; but this is not caused by disloyalty to Mr. Parnell. The Irish-Americans have been heavily taxed for the cause of Ireland during a dozen years, and, very naturally, they are not eager to give of their treasure for the purpose, as it seems to them, of encouraging a ruinous faction fight across the Atlantic. Mr. Parnell would have as few friends here as Mr. McCarthy has, if it were not for his radical position on the question of foreign dictation, and his declaration of Irish national faith.

In another column of THE CITIZEN will be found a cable dispatch from Ireland, in which it is asserted that Mr. Timothy Healy has been the marplot in the matter of negotiations for union. A more recent dispatch from London states that Michael Davitt, who has abandoned the repulsive arena of Irish faction and is coming to this country in search of health and rest, has declared that if Parnell, at the coming general election, can carry fifty-four seats in Ireland he will heartily support him. What does this mean? Simply that Mr. Davitt regards the moral objections raised against Mr. Parnell by his opponents as mere sophistry, and is entirely controlled by a matter of political expediency.

THE CITIZEN is of opinion that personal ill feeling has much to do with the fight made against Mr. Parnell by a majority of the Irish party. He has not been uniformly agreeable in his relations with them, while they acknowledged him as chief. He has not been, as a matter of fact, uniformly agreeable to anybody—certainly not to us. Is that a reason why we should scathe him while he can be of great use to Ireland, and while he preaches the true doctrine of her nationhood? Only wolves seek to rend the lion in the hour of his agony. The sycophants, including McCarthy and Healy, licked his boots at the Leinster Hall meeting before Gladstone, inspired by Vernon Harcourt, and his chosen counsellor the devil, wrote his fatal letter of objection to Sophomore Morley. Immediately after reading Gladstone's epistle, which acted on them as an emetic, they threw up the boot lickings, and dashed them in the face of their quickly discarded idol! Contrasted with such conduct, the base desertion of Napoleon by Soult, Augereau and Marmont was decent.

Parnell may have indulged in some invective—it is not to be wondered at under such circumstances. THE CITIZEN greatly regrets that he does not seem to possess O'Connell's early genius for making dog sausage out of his foes, with the keenness of his tongue. They, evidently, cannot understand generosity, and fear that the accomplishment of union, under any leader the Irish people could respect, would relegate them to their original nothingness.

UNCLE SAM'S JOKE ON VERMONT.

Vermont is a smart Yankee state, but not smart enough to get ahead of our Uncle Samuel. A dispatch from Washington, dated May 18, says:

"When the general government levied what was known as the direct tax, Vermont contributed $190,000, and when the last congress legislated to refund the tax, Vermont rejoiced and was exceedingly glad. One hundred and ninety thousand dollars was a good deal of money and Vermont was aware of it. Gov. Page went into official ecstasies over the prospective wealth, and in a long manifesto informed the people fully as to what he proposed to do with the currency when it came into his hands. In legal form and without any great waste of time the governor made formal application for the cash, but he has not received it yet, and, what is worse, he probably never will receive even a portion of it. To the governor's request the treasury department replied by sending him a bill for $575,000, a debt incurred by Vermont when it secured from the general government arms and accouterments with which to equip its forces at the time of the Fenian raid at St. Albans. The department also made reference to the fact that Vermont sold over $150,000 worth of these same arms to France shortly after the commencement of the Franco-Prussian war, and then added to its thrifty record the feat of placing the money thus realized in the state treasury, although the state had never paid the general government for the goods."

THE CITIZEN thinks the correspondent is mistaken about the Fenian raid. He, doubtless, confounded it with the St. Albans raid and scare of 1864, when rebels, sheltered in Canada, invaded Vermont and robbed the banks. The Fenians, in their two raids of 1866 and 1870, did not injure or threaten person or property in Vermont. Therefore, there was no need to arm the enraged militia of the Green Mountains against them. If Vermont were Connecticut we should be inclined to call the transaction recorded by the Washington correspondent a case of wooden nutmegs.

A VERY CLUMSY LIE.

The following excruciating lie has been going the rounds of the Irish press, and is a specimen of the mean and malignant warfare waged upon Mr. Parnell by his enemies:

"A good story comes from Chicago concerning the adventures of the Parnellite envoys who recently visited that city, says the London correspondent of the *National Press*. They made their way in due course to the dwelling of Congressman Finerty, and quartered themselves upon him. There was a municipal election going forward at the time, in which Mr. Finerty was a candidate for civic honors. The feeling in the city is strongly against Mr. Parnell among all classes and nationalities, and it soon became noised abroad that Mr. Finerty was harboring the emissaries of the hero of the divorce court. Thereupon public indignation was turned against Mr. Finerty, and to escape defeat at the polls he was compelled to give Mr. Parnell's followers notice to quit."

Chicago people will, of course, only "laugh consumedly" at the foregoing, but the outside public might be taken in by the "good story." It is easily disposed of. In the first place, no Parnellite delegate ever called at Mr. Finerty's house. In the next place, Mr. Finerty has not been "a candidate for civic honors" since 1885. In the third place, the Irish masses in Chicago have only kindly feeling toward Mr. Parnell, as has been well illustrated since political ingrates have sought to destroy him. In the fourth place, Mr. Finerty could not give "notice to quit" to people who never occupied his premises. In the last place, the whole "good story" is the concoction of a journalistic ass with extra long ears.

GEN. CLEBURNE'S MONUMENT.

A handsome monument has been erected to the memory of the late Gen. Patrick R. Cleburne, of the Confederate army, at Helena, ARK., where he practised law before the War of the Rebellion broke out. Gen. Cleburne was born near the city of Cork, Ireland, on March 17, 1828. He was descended from William Cleburne, who was colonial secretary of Virginia in 1726. His mother was a Miss Ronayne, a daughter of Maurice Ronayne, a well known business man of the South of Ireland. Young Cleburne was a student of law at Trinity College, Dublin, when the spirit of adventure prompted him to enlist in the British army, in which he served for several years. After his term of service had expired he came to America and settled in Arkansas. He studied American law in Helena, and was prospering in his profession when the civil war came on. Cleburne, surrounded by fascinating southern influences, and filled with the martial spirit of the period, threw himself with enthusiasm into the Confederate ranks, and rapidly rose to the grade of major general. He had wonderful skill as a tactician and his courage was of the most brilliant order. He won his greatest fame at Chickamauga, where he obtained from the rebel soldiers the title of "the Stonewall of the West."

The rashness of Hood at Franklin led to Cleburne's death on Nov. 30, 1864. The Irish general represented to the Confederate commander that the works at Franklin, on the Harpeth river, were not of a character that could be taken by direct assault, and counselled an immediate march on Nashville, leaving a sufficient force to hold Schofield's army in check. Hood impatiently ordered an attack on the Federal lines in his front, and Cleburne, leaping with his horse the first line of breastworks, fell dead inside the Union lines, pierced by more than twenty bullets. Four other Confederate generals died with him, and eight were wounded. The men fell by whole companies, and, by a bold counter charge of Gen. D. S. Stanley were finally repulsed with incalculable loss. The stupid, brute courage of Hood doubtless saved the Union cause from disaster, because his discouraged and weakened army could make no impression on the fresh and confident troops of Gen. Thomas at Nashville. Gen. Cleburne's friends have never forgiven Gen. Hood for his rashness, and all agree in saying that Cleburne and not he should have had command of the rebel forces, when the garrison of Atlanta started for Tennessee and the Ohio river.

In any case, while admiring the military qualities of General Cleburne, let us be thankful that no man of Irish birth was destined to inflict a grevious wound on our adopted country. Cleburne acted, no doubt, according to his lights. No braver warrior ever drew a sword, but he fought in what THE CITIZEN must ever regard as a bad and a foolish cause. Still he cannot be justly condemned, because loyalty during the civil war was, to a great extent, a matter of geographical accident. Had Cleburne settled at the North, he would, undoubtedly, have fought for the Union, and might have risen to even higher rank than that which he attained in the Confederate army. The people of the South should be devoutly thankful that neither the genius nor the valor of Cleburne, or of others like him, were able to effect the dismemberment of the Union, and the perpetuation of human slavery in this great country. THE CITIZEN would not pluck a single laurel from the dead brow of the heroic general, but it would point to the monument which rises above his ashes in the spirit of friendly warning. The soldier deserves glorious remembrance, but the partisan chief, who drew his sword against the flag of the country that gave him shelter, should be mentioned only in the sense of pointing a moral or adorning a tale.

A PRINCELY WIFE HUNTER.

The following extraordinary advertisement recently appeared in the Dublin *Freeman:*

MATRIMONY; Foreign Prince, 43, traveling in Ireland incognito, wishes for acquaintance of young lady in town or suburbs with a view to speedy marriage; strictly genuine and confidential; origin and means no matter at all, but must be pretty, under 30, Roman Catholic, pious, well educated, refined, of irreproachable morals, and a good musician; orphan friendless much preferred; personal interview only. Address with some clerical reference, 3449, *Freeman* office.

The Foreign Prince has a level head. He cannot miss it in the matter of "origin," because all Irish girls are descended from kings. It would be interesting to know, however, what the prince means by "pious," and "of irreproachable morals." How can anbody be immoral and pious at the same time, unless it be Capt. Verney or Major De Cobain, recently of the British parliament?

THE POLICE FORCE IN PERIL.

The proposition to discharge five hundred men from the city police force, because of insufficient appropriation, is a very serious matter. This city is not policed too much by any means. Policemen are scarcer than hens' teeth in some sections of the south division. The officers, as a body, are active and efficient men—no better material for a first-class police force anywhere in the world. A small percentage of comparatively useless members may have crept into the ranks through peculiar influences, but these can be easily sifted out and replaced by better men. The council, in under estimating the appropriation for the increased police force, blundered badly, but this is a case that should admit of no hair splitting or cheese paring. If any fund can be legitimately drawn upon, as we believe is the case, to maintain the present strength of the force until the deficiency in the police fund proper can be remedied, it should be done. This great city needs a large body of men to police it thoroughly and no "penny wise pound foolish" policy should prevail in a matter so important. Major McClaughery may be all that is claimed for him as a superintendent of police, but even his demi godlike official perfections can hardly make up to Chicago for the loss of 500 zealous and stalwart guardians of the public peace. If the proposition to cut down the force is put into execution, it is not improbable that such a streak of false economy will cost Chicago dearly.

Not to speak of the usefulness of the threatened 500, just think what a loss their enforced retirement would be to the ornamentation of the city! Think of the countless hearts that would sob themselves to death behind handsome area railings, or in picturesque half-basements! Think of all the blue cloth and brass buttons that would be withdrawn from the gaze of a admiring public! and all because of a few beggarly thousands of dollars. Save us, oh save us, McClaughery, czar of all the Chicago police stations, from a doom so sad and desolate—

Chicago's heart is rent and torn,
Great man's McClaughery, when
One blast upon his conch shell horn
Can "fire" five hundred men!

LAWRENCE MARKEY, EDITOR.

Mr. Lawrence Markey, of Thirty-fifth street, near Cottage Grove avenue, has become proprietor and chief editor of the *Chicago Sportsman*, assisted by Mr. John McHugh. Mr. Markey has had long practical experience in the horse line, and what he does not know about the habits, manners, customs, vices and virtues of the noble equine will not be eagerly sought after. Any citizen who desires to become thoroughly acquainted with the horse, on familiar terms with the aristocratic game dog, and well up on the best manner of bagging geese, ducks, prairie fowl, quails and jack rabbits in their natural state, should at once subscribe for Mr. Markey's *Sportsman*, which is published at No. 415 Dearborn street. All manner of respectable sporting news will receive due attention in its page. THE CITIZEN wishes Editor Markey and his colaborer the very fullest measure of success.

ITS TENTH ANNIVERSARY.

The tenth anniversary of the Irish-American Club of Chicago was celebrated by a May party at the club rooms, Dickey Building, last Wednesday evening. It was the first reception given under the auspices of the new administration and was an unqualified success, over a hundred couples being in attendance. The stalwart and handsome newly elected president, Mr. John S. Cooke, with his wife, led the grand march. Vice-President Arthur Dixon and Miss Dixon followed, and the other officers and their ladies according to rank. Dancing was kept up until a late hour.

NOTICE.

Our traveling agent, Mr. Matthew Griffin, will visit Appleton, Escanaba, Negaunee, Marquette and Ishpeming during the coming week. We bespeak for him a cordial reception.

WILLIAM REDMOND ARRIVES.

Mr. William Redmond, M. P., a warm supporter of Mr. Parnell, arrived in this city on Thursday to make arrangements for a meeting in support of his chief. Mr. Redmond, in speaking to a committee of Irish Nationalists, said that Mr. Parnell's triumph in the coming election was assured, as all the young element of Ireland was with him. He also claimed that the McCarthy wing is badly demoralized, owing to the palpable progress of Parnell's cause with the Irish people.

HOOPER BEATEN IN CORK.

The captious editor of the Cork *Herald*, Mr. Hooper, who has been abusing Mr. Parnell without stint for several months, was beaten for alderman on his native heath at the last municipal election. This does not look as if abuse of Parnell is popular in "rebel Cork."

MAJOR MCCLAUGHERY has assumed the duties of the chief of police. The Charleston has not yet overhauled the Itata, but, since "Mac" has come among us, the country must be reasonably safe.

JIM D'APP APPLETON thinks that Washburne is "the best mayor Chicago ever had." Where now is Carter Harrison's stuffed eagle?

WHY is the new chief of police like a bullfrog? Give it up? Because he jumps from one place to another, and is partial to a Marsh.

IT now turns out that the "National League of Great Britain," which recently "repudiated" Mr. Parnell, is mostly officered by Englishmen. An Irish leader can hardly be "repudiated" by those who are his natural enemies.

FREDERICK MARSH, DeWitt Cregier's late chief of police, has been made chief inspector under the God given McClaughery. Marsh recalls Moses in the bullrushes. Chicago, like Pharoah's daughter, may well call out to the Misses Cregier and Washburne,

Tear an' ages, girls,
Which of ye owns the child?

You may "divorce" a policeman from politics, but you can't divorce him from his alderman.

IS THERE such an officer as a Chicago city scavenger? If so, no resident of the South Side has seen him. Stench used to reign in neglected Bridgeport, but now its chosen locality is the Fourth ward.

FIVE hundred policemen are to be "divorced" from the force, because of insufficient appropriation. This may be described as a case of "cruelty and desertion."

THE Dublin *Nation* of May 9, the chosen organ of "the Bantry Gang," makes an indecent assault upon Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, because that gentleman recently wrote a letter in which he gave credit to Mr. Parnell for "ability, persistence and integrity." Gen. Butler, in the old Know-nothing times, and throughout his career, has been the consistent friend of Ireland and Irishmen. He is a bitter enemy of the English idea both in Ireland and the United States. Perhaps that is why the degenerate Dublin *Nation* dislikes him.

STRANGER, to a citizen on Blue Island avenue—"Who is that sad looking man in the blue uniform?" Citizen—"Oh, he's a 'divorced' policeman."

AN English Radical named Thomas P. O'Connor has started a weekly paper in London. There is something refreshingly Saxon in the name of O'Connor.

WHEN Delegate Schuyler, of Vernon avenue, called upon Mayor Washburne, and said he regarded him as a son until he gave the license to Appleton, was the old gentleman thinking of Absalom, son of David, who was run away with by an ass and hanged by the neck in the forks of an appletree? Unlike David, Delegate Schuyler is now hardly likely to cry out "Would that I had died for thee, Hempstead—my son! my son!"

DR. ATCHESON, of Toronto, Canada, recently made a speech at the convention of "Scotch-Irish tarriers" recently held in Louisville, Ky., in the course of which he instanced Robert B. Sullivan, Dalton McCarthy and Edward Blake, of the Dominion, as Scotch-Irishmen. Nobody but the worst kind of an ignoramus or damphool, would call the names Sullivan, McCarthy and Blake Scotch Irish. Atcheson, judged by his works, must be a typical Scotch Irish "tarrier."

JIM D'APP to the mayor—"I see that that Vernon avenue delegation called upon you about revoking my license." The mayor—"Delegations be damned!" Jim D'App—"That's the ticket!"

IT is rumored that Sir Charles Gavan Duffy is again contemplating marriage. Charles never "gives in" on matrimony, although he is closing up to eighty. Like the man in the song,

Between church and churchyard
He will never let them be airy, dear.

THE *Staats Zeitung* has repudiated Mayor Washburne's assumption that the granting of a license to Jim D'App to run a saloon and roadhouse in a residence neighborhood is according to "the German idea of personal liberty."

"IKE" RIVERS, the colored patriot who, once upon a time, dined off one of Jim D'App's thumbs, mistaking it, perhaps, for a *crubeen*, has been made special policeman in Mayor Washburne's office. His honor is thus carrying water on one shoulder, and mixed drinks on the other.

A CHICAGO bible thumper called Henson pitched into Catholics and Catholicism in this city last Sunday. Mr. Henson will turn into a Chicken s(o)n if he keeps on like that. Mr. Henson's utterances have an odor of greatly decomposed hen fruit. Cock fighting should be prohibited in Chicago on Sunday. Either that or Mr. Henson should be cooped up in a police station, or be compelled to go and roost in some other city. He is, evidently, a fowl rooster, and crows out of time and tune.

THE police are utterly "divorced from politics" in Russia, Austria and Turkey. Yet neither the Russians, the Austrians nor the Turks can be called entirely happy. There is no "politics" in those countries apart from their respective rulers.

Grand Concert in Aid of the De La Salle Institute Bazaar.

On Wednesday evening a grand concert was given in the fine hall attached to the residence of Mr. E. Hudson, corner Wabash avenue and Thirty second street. The object of the entertainment was to procure funds for the benefit of the grand bazaar of De La Salle Institute, which begins on this (Saturday) evening, and will continue for a fortnight.

Mrs. E. Hudson has undertaken to preside at the refreshment booth during the bazaar, and if last night's performance is any indication of her ability to make things go, we predict for her department of the bazaar a very large measure of success. The beautiful concert hall in Mr. Hudson's mansion was filled to its utmost capacity by a very select audience, and each item of the programme was rendered with exceptional taste and ability. Special mention should be made of Miss Nellie Stenson's and Miss B. Reilly's pianoforte performances, also Miss Nellie Cahill's singing of Turza's serenade. Miss Cahill has a very fine contralto voice which she used Wednesday night with considerable taste. Miss McKnight deservedly received a hearty encore for her exquisite rendering of "Coming thro' the Rye," and she responded with that beautiful melody, "The Last Rose of Summer." Miss Millie Webb enhanced the audience by her splendid reading of "The Wrecker's Oath," and later on, "Lochinvar." Miss Webb displayed considerable ability in her interpretation of these pieces. Miss Marcella Reilly's rendering of "Good Night Beloved," is deserving of the highest praise. She has a beautiful, sympathetic, soprano voice, and uses it with great expression. Misses Updike and Martin contributed a very pleasing guitar duett, but declined to comply with the hearty encore which they received. One of the best items of the evening was Mr. E. Quinlan's singing of "The Raft," and in response to an encore, "The Ship that Carries Me Home Today." Mr. Quinlan has a very fine baritone voice of great power and sweetness, and he contributed not a little to the success of the entertainment. The accompaniments were well played, and not a single hitch occurred in the programme to mar the effect of a most successful musical evening.

The Irish Columbian Club.

The Irish Columbian Club has secured permanent premises at No. 189 West Madison street, near Halsted. The apartments, which are well and artistically appointed, are situated on the first floor, and comprise a reading room, billiard room, etc., etc. The furniture, supplied to the new club by Mr. John M. Smyth, West Madison street, is tasteful and appropriate; and on the whole the future home of the I.C.C. reflects the utmost credit on the committee who were selected to put it in preparation for the members. To Messrs. P. G. Smyth, president; Charles A. Kelly, secretary; and to Messrs. Trant and Masterson the club is especially indebted for its present installation. The billiard table is already in working order, and no time will be lost in having the reading room supplied with the leading Irish and Irish-American newspapers and magazines, THE CITIZEN included. The Irish Columbian Club will enter on its career under the most favorable auspices tomorrow (Sunday), when its premises will be formally opened to all its members and their friends.

WHAT IS A COLD in the head? Medical authorities say it is due to uneven clothing of the body, rapid cooling when in a perspiration, etc. The important point is, that a cold in the head is an inflammation of the lining membrane of the nose, which, when unchecked, is certain to produce a catarrhal condition—for catarrh is essentially a "cold" which nature is no longer able to "resolve" or throw off. Ely's Cream Balm has proved its superiority, and sufferers should resort to it before that common ailment becomes seated and ends in obstinate catarrh.

BEAUTIFUL KILLARNEY.

The Best Proportioned of all Nature's Fair Scenes is Found in the "Kingdom of Kerry."

Mr. O'Neill Russell Draws a Charming Picture of "the Eden of the West."

BY T. O. RUSSELL.

[*From Nature's Realm*]

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK]

There are two drawbacks to Killarney; there is the guide nuisance and the rain nuisance. The nuisance of guides is probably no greater than in many other places of tourist resort, and by a strong effort of the will, can be got rid of. But the rain is a more serious matter and must be borne patiently. Some years come when not a dozen dry days occur throughout the entire summer, but generally there is no greater rainfall than on the west coasts of Scotland or England. There have been quite as many wet days in New York during the three last summers as there usually are in Killarney. It does, however, too often happen that tourists are confined to the hotel for four or five days at a time, owing to the rain. It must be borne in mind that this excessive moisture of atmosphere is what has given the southwest of Ireland, and England, too, their exquisite charm of verdure and wild flowers. When a fine day comes after rain in summer or autumn, all Nature seems to laugh. Flowers of all hues open their petals; birds in multitudes begin to sing, and wild bees and hosts of insects make the air musical with their hum. The American tourist need have no fear when insects are mentioned, for the mosquito is unknown in Killarney. Midges are the only insect plague, but they never enter houses, and are trouble some only before rain, early in the spring or late in the fall.

Most tourists go to Killarney early in the summer. June and July are favorite times for Americans to visit it. As it lies almost in the direct route between New York and Liverpool, they generally visit it before going to England or the continent of Europe. But the time to see Killarney is in the autumn; it is then in all its glory. It should not be visited before the 15 h of August; from then until the the 1st of October it is the most beautiful place, perhaps, on earth, provided, always, that the weather is not wet. There is only one thing that mars the weather in the south of Ireland, namely, rain. Cold, in the American sense of the word, is almost unknown. Every day that is not wet must be fine. There is, it must be confessed, rather more probability of having dry weather in Killarney in the spring or early summer than in the fall, but, by visiting it in the spring, the tourist would gain nothing, and would lose the wild-flower feast of autumn. No American, no matter from what part of the country he comes, can form the faintest conception of what a Killarney mountain is in September, if the weather be fine. The wild-flower that is the glory of Ireland is the heath. It blossoms only in the autumn. Next in glory to the heath comes the furze. Both furze and heath are unknown in this country. They are indigenous in the whole of the southwest of Europe, but, owing to the mildness and moistness of the climate of Ireland, they grow and blossom there with a luxuriance unknown in any other country. The heath bears a flower of the most delicate purple, and the furze bears one of the brightest yellow. When a great mountain becomes a mighty bouquet of purple and gold, a sight is revealed which surpasses anything else on earth in floral beauty. Almost every mountain round about the "Eden of the West" is clothed from base to summit in a vast drapery of heath. Some of the Killarney mountains are wooded for a few hundred feet up their sides, but most of them are entirely covered with heath interspersed with furze. When a fine autumn occurs, tens of thousands of acres of mountain and moorland gleam in the sunlight, an ocean of purple heath and golden furze. Not only do the heath and furze blossom in the autumn, but myriads of other wild flowers appear only at that time of year, or blossom most luxuriantly then. Even white clover, which rarely blossoms in this country except in the spring or early summer, opens its flowers widest and sends out its most fragrant perfume in an Irish autumn. The air is heavy with the fragrance of flowers; the mountains are musical with the hum of bees, and

Every winged thing that loves the sun
Makes the bright noonday full of melody.

Killarney in a fine autumn becomes not only entrancing, but overpowering in its loveliness.

The whole country round Killarney is a wonderland. Macaulay's description of it is true to the letter. In all his works nothing can be found of a descriptive character equal to the passage quoted from him in this article. He had a great subject, and he has handled it as no other writer of the English language could. He has described one of the loveliest regions in the world in a few lines that will stand for ever as one of the greatest efforts of a great writer. His description is a brilliant gem of composition, just as the place it describes is a brilliant gem of Nature.

No one should visit Killarney without visiting Glengarriff. It is only about twenty miles from Killarney, and can be reached by a sort of low-backed car peculiar to Ireland. This car is a very curious sort of conveyance. The occupants sit back to back, with their sides to the horses. In fine weather there is no pleasanter mode of traveling than on a low backed car, but when it rains one is anything but comfortable. Glengarriff is thought by some to surpass even Killarney in beauty. It is a deep glen surrounded by mountains of the most fantastic shapes, clothed with a wealth of foliage that would astonish anyone who had not seen Killarney. The lake that is seen at Glengarriff is sea water, and opens into Bantry Bay. The tourist will find an excellent hotel here, and nomatter how he may be satiated with the beauty of Killarney, he will see other and more striking beauties in Glengarriff.

Killarney is well supplied with hotels. There are five or six, and they are all good. Most of them are situated in sequestered places, where a view of some enchanting scene spreads before the door. The village of Killarney is about a mile from the lake; it is a place of no interest at all, but there is a very good hotel in it, and many tourists stop there, for it is just at the railway terminus. Hotel expenses in Killarney during the tourist season are not so dear as at some of the fashionable American summer resorts. They will not average over $4 and $4 50 a day, and, by the week, not more than $20 or $25, including servants' fees. Guides are not much wanted, unless mountains are to be ascended. Then they are indispensable, for mists may suddenly come on the very finest day, and the tourist without a guide would run a chance of spending a night on a bleak mountain, or being drowned in a lake or boghole. Ponies of a most docile character can be hired cheap. Ponyback traveling is a favorite mode of "doing" Killarney, especially with ladies and lazy men; but no one into whose soul the charm of Killarney really enters would think of traveling through such lovely scenes on horseback. On foot or in a boat is the way to see Killarney.

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

Barry Sullivan was born in Dunmanway. He was for years an assistant in a drapery establishment in Cork.

Mr. Parnell spoke at a splendid meeting in Newbridge on the 31 inst. Representatives of all that was worth having in Kildare public opinion were present.

The Ballina races were held on May 2 The weather was fine and the attendance enormous.

The Parnellites were successful in the election of officers for the Urlingford dispensary committee.

The Crecore, Limerick, National League passed a resolution of renewed confidence in Mr. Parnell. Mr. T. Carmody, P.L.G., is chairman.

A farmer named John Mahony, who lived in Cratloe, near Limerick, was found suspended from a rafter in an outhouse quite dead.

A man named Abercrombie was run over and killed by a pilot engine near Clones.

At a special court held in Tralee before Messrs. Cecil Roche, R M., and A. T. McDermott, R M, a man named Patrick Collins was prosecuted for having arms without a license. He was sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labor.

A man named McInerney was arrested in Limerick on a charge of burglary. A merchant in Brunswick street heard a noise in his house one night recently. The would be burglar, however, escaped leaving behind him one of his boots, by which, as alleged, the accused was identified.

Sarah E. Comber, wife of a quartermaster sergeant of the Hibernian school, Phœnix park, Dublin, committed suicide in Cork recently. She was married for fifteen years. In consequence of seeing two bodies in India in 1885 on which a post mortem examination was held, she received a shock and was invalided home, and had since then been suffering from hysteria.

Daniel Kelleher, Gurtnagasach, in the Carriganima district was evicted by the sheriff's officers and six emergencymen. The officers then proceeded to Gurtnapela, Clondrohid, and evicted John Corkery, he not being able to pay anything in the shape of rent. In this case the family is chiefly composed of imbeciles. The house was in such a wretched condition that none of the emergencymen would take up their quarters there.

Labor Day was celebrated by a large meeting of workmen in Drogheda.

John Cullinane, Banaha, was too ill to be discharged from prison when his sentence expired.

A branch of the Parnell Leadership Committee has been established in Banaha.

There was buried on the 31 inst. in Paris Mrs. Lardner, the widow of the famous Dublin man, Dr. Dionysius Lardner. Mrs. Lardner, who was an American, had lived in Paris ever since her husband died in Naples.

In the presence of a very crowded and respectable congregation at Ballylanders, archdiocese of Cashel, the Rev. T. Cullen was solemnly inducted as P.P. of Ballylanders.

The strike of tailors in Macroom for higher wages was settled, the men receiving from the employers all their demands.

The commercial community of Enniskillen has sustained a loss by the death of Mr. James McElgunn.

Two plasterers named Hyland and Corcoran were injured by the fall of scaffolding on which they were working at the Parochial House, Carrick on Suir.

A meeting in support of Mr. Parnell was held at Mullagh, Cavan, on the 28th ult.

A branch of the Parnell Leadership Committee has been established in Castlemahon. William G. Cahill was elected chairman of the branch, M. S. Geary treasurer, and James O'Shaughnessy Liston secretary.

At a largely attended meeting of the inhabitants of Oldcastle, county Meath, Hugh Galligan in the chair, it was resolved: "That a branch of the Parnell Leadership Committee be formed in the parish."

At the presentment sessions at Rivertown a farmer named Patrick Brien was awarded £50 compensation for the burning of his residence at Monabawn, near Lisgoold, on March 31.

William J. Fitzgerald, son of Patrick Fitzgerald, hotel proprietor, Mitchelstown, was admitted a solicitor of the court of judicature on the 29 h ult. Mr. Fitzgerald served his apprenticeship to T. F. Williams, Dungarvan, and intends practicing in Mitchelstown.

We deeply regret to announce the death of the Very Rev. Peter Seagrave, parish priest of Kilquade, county Wicklow, which occurred at the parochial house on the 4 h inst.

The extensive felt works owned by Messrs. McTear & Co., of Corporation street, Belfast, were destroyed by fire on the 31 inst. Fully insured.

A meeting of the Seceders was convened on Sunday, May 3, after last mass at Ballinales, North Longford, but it ended in a fiasco.

The new postoffice and estate office built in the Market square, Dungannon, by the Earl of Ranfurley, were opened recently.

Two little boys were playing on the banks of a river at Riverside, when one of them fell in. A gentleman of mature years, named Healy, jumped into the water and rescued him.

LIZZIE.

Air: "Norah Creina."

Lizzie is a charming girl
With virgin heart but who can share it?
Oh! what's the use of gem or pearl
If Lizzie isn't there to wear it?
Lizzie's breast is white as snow,
And rather cold to every comer,
But then her heart is warm you know,
And there the climate's always summer!

Chorus—
Lizzie is the lass for me,
This heart of mine is her's to soften,
She knows my "wakeness," d'ye see,
And how to kill and cure me often!

Lizzie's lips are ripe and red,
Forbidden fruit that none has tasted,
But wait awhile—when we are wed
The fruit will not be lost or wasted!
I'll have an Eden all my own,
For I'm no foolish young beginner
Like Adam, who left Eve alone—
I'll watch the fruit as I'm a sinner!

Chorus—
Lizzie is the lass for me, &c.

Lizzie's cheeks their color change
Because she's good and pure and simple,
And there she kills at greatest range
For death is in her blush and dimple.
Lizzie's eyes are roguish blue
That seem to doubt and yet believe you,
But oh! there's candor in them too
And that's the color won't deceive you.

Chorus—
Lizzie is the lass for me, &c.

Lizzie's voice is sweet to hear,
The blind might love without beholding,
And, when she's mine you needn't fear
I'll grow delighted with her scolding.
Alas! there is one little phase
"I love you" she has never spoken;
I would'nt like to end her days
But faith I wish her heart was broken.

Chorus—
Lizzie is the lass for me, &c.

L. McGRICKIN, A.M.,

Cummings P. O.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS

DEMPSEY—April 27, at No. 5 Hudson terrace, Bray, Michael, son of the late Maurice Dempsey, aged 36 years.

GROGAN—April 28, at No. 3 O'Brien place, Haddington road, Dublin, Francis, third son of Patrick Grogan, aged 18 years.

KIRK—April 27, at No. 21 Glengariff parade, Dublin, Georgina Blanche, aged 10 years, fourth daughter of George H. Kirk, late of Globe View.

MCELGUNN—April 26, at Anne street, Enniskillen, James McElgunn, merchant.

SAVAGE—April 28, at No. 4 Stoneybatter, Joseph Savage, formerly of Willsboro, Santry, county Dublin.

SMITH—April 26, at Glenfield House, Kilmallock, William A. Smith.

STANLEY—April 27, at Drogheda, Anne, wife of Thomas Stanley.

WALLACE—April 28, at No. 16 Coburgh place, Dublin, Edward Wallace.

FINIGAN—At No. 13 Walworth road, Dublin, Patrick Finigan, treasurer of the Irish Industrial Benefit Building Society, late of Rigby's, Suffolk street, Dublin.

O'SHAUGHNESSY—April 26, at Sandymount avenue, Ballsbridge, Michael O'Shaughnessy, barrister-at-law, aged 50 years

CARROLL—April 27, at Doonane, Queen's county, George Carroll, R I C, late of Lisdoonvarna, county Clare.

CARSON—At No. 6 St. Joseph's terrace, Clonliffe, Catherine Carson, aged 64 years, widow of the late Robert Carson.

DOYLE—April 28, at Ardoyne, county Wicklow, Mrs. Doyle.

Dyspepsia has driven to an early and even suicidal grave many a man who, if he had tried the virtues of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, would be alive today and in the enjoyment of health and competence. Sufferer, be warned in season, and don't allow the system to run down.

Baldness is catching says a scientist. It's catching flies in summer time. Use Hall's Hair Renewer and cover the bald place with healthy hair and flies won't trouble.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

A gamekeeper in the employ of Lord Headley was attacked while returning to Castleisland, and his revolver taken from him. A man has been arrested.

A GRAND COMBINATION.

Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.

These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

HEALY'S SPITE

The Redoubtable "Tim" Accused of Blocking the Recent Attempts Made by E Dwyer Gray and Others to Put an End to Faction.

LONDON, May 16.—There is undoubtedly great disgust among the McCarthyites at the manner in which Timothy Healy has deliberately frustrated the latest attempts to reconcile the two Irish sections. Communications between E. Dwyer Gray, McCarthy and Sexton had reached such a point that Friday there was to have been a public pronouncement invoking aid of the Irish race at large in bringing about a settlement. McCarthy, as chairman of the board of directors of the *National Press*, and Sexton, its political director, had undertaken that the appeal of the *Freeman's Journal* should be warmly seconded in the columns their paper. The archbishops of Cashel and Tuam and other leading men of both sides, were also to have supported the proposal. Healy had been made aware of the negotiations, but he declared that he would not have anything to do with them. Though bound both by loyalty to his leader, McCarthy, as well as by his subordinate position on the *National Press*, not to do anything to interfere with the efforts being made, he went to Dublin about a week ago and took advantage of the absence of McCarthy and Sexton in London, to publish sneering statements in the *National Press* reflecting on Gray's action, which, by placing Gray in a false position, rendered it impossible for him to proceed with the work, which, auspiciously begun, was ruined. Healy, hearing of a rumor that John Redmond was favorable to the settlement, also published a statement that Redmond had just received an intimation that his constituents had decided to stop his parliamentary allowance. The truth is that Redmond has received nothing from his constituents for years. The object of Healy's statement was to make Redmond's anticipated support of Gray's proposal seem inspired by pecuniary motives. The whole intrigue, which shows that Healy is the effective master of the situation in Ireland, gives another example of the motives by which the Bantry faction have been actuated in this struggle from the outset.

The Liberals here are profoundly annoyed at the rupture of the negotiations, but McCarthy is so amiable and Sexton is so weak that neither apparently intend to take steps to repudiate Healy. Both McCarthy and Sexton acted in thorough good faith and were astounded by the attempts of the *National Press*. No attempt is now likely to be made to settle the dispute until the release from jail of Dillon and O'Brien, who have still three months' imprisonment to serve. They were aware of and approved the attempt, and as Healy was also the principal obstructive in the Boulogne-sur Mer negotiators, they are likely to declare open war against him on their release.

Archbishop Walsh has not yet returned from Rome, his intended stay of a week having already expanded into a visit of two months. Despite everything which may be stated to the contrary it is an absolute fact that he is being detained there by the express command of the Pope, who is much exercised over the action of the Irish hierarchy and priests. Numerous complaints were addressed to the Vatican by priests, who for refusing to adopt the anti Parnellite ticket have been punished in various ways by their superiors. Evidence has also been sent to the papal secretary by laymen of the action of certain priests, who, by denouncing their parishioners from the altar and by invoking spiritual influence against them for their opinions, have exceeded their duty. Nearly every day Dr. Walsh has papers forwarded to him by Cardinal Jacobini relating to such matters and messages are constantly passing between Dr. Walsh and the Irish bishops regarding them. In one case in particular where Archbishop Logue threatened a priest with pains and penalties for refusing to sign a protest against Parnell, Rome has severely censured the archbishop. Owing to the trouble thus arising the Irish bishops are anxious to see the end of the present dispute.

Through the Weary Hours

Of many a night, made doubly long by its protracted agony, the rheumatic sufferer tosses to and fro on his sleepless couch, vainly praying for that rest which only comes by fits and starts. His malady is one which ordinary medicines too often fail to relieve, but there is ample evidence to prove that the efficient blood depurent, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, affords the rheumatic a reliable means of relief. Check the malady in its incipient stages, when the first premonitory twinges come on, with this agreeable medicine, and avoid years of torture. Whatever be the rationale of the active influence of the Bitters upon this malady, certain it is that no evidence relating to its effect is more direct and positive than that which relates to its action in cases of rheumatism. Like all sterling remedies, however, it deserves a protracted, systematic trial, and should not be abandoned because not at once remedial. It is equally efficacious in dyspepsia, indigestion and kindred diseases.

Literary Notes.

Donahoe's Monthly Magazine, for June, is an excellent number.

With over 120 illustrations, the *Cosmopolitan* for June sets a fast pace in the handicap for magazine honors.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6 h day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W GLEASON.
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

H.R.EAGLE

H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Pat. Flour, pr brl....$5.78

Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat, and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

Superlative Patent Flour, per brl....$5.58

Finest St. Louis Winter Wheat Flour, per brl....$5.28

COFFEE.

Our After-Dinner Java Coffee at 25 Cents per lb.

Is the cheapest and best Coffee in the city. Many thousands of our customers will speak of its excellence.

We Even Save You Money on Your Street Car Tickets — And sell you 25 West Division street car tickets for $1.00, or 12 for 50 cents.

THE EAGLE REFRIGERATOR.

DRY AIR CIRCULATION—CLEANABLE FLUES.

The outer case is made of the best ash and oak and thoroughly kiln dried. The panels are one piece and mortised into the rails, making it PERFECTLY AIR TIGHT.

The inner case is a kiln dried odorless wood, lined with zinc. It is the filling we call particular attention to.

Charcoal and sawdust are both absorbents, and noxious vapors and gases are generated by them. They are also liable to shake down and are but fair non-conductors. THE PATENT NON-CONDUCTING FIBRE FILLING is the best now in use, and is not only used for these refrigerators but also as a covering for steam pipes and over steam boilers, as their non-conducting qualities are the best for the purpose. So with our refrigerators. No hot air can penetrate them when closed. The floor of the provision chamber is on a level with the bottom of the door, making it easy to keep clean should anything be spilled thereon. The finishing is done in Shellac and best Coach Varnish, and these refrigerators are not only a piece of useful furniture but ornamental as well. Mounted with casters and everything first-class.

Do not buy a refrigerator with empty walls, which allow heat and dampness to penetrate into it when you can buy an Eagle Patent Non Conducting for the same money.

A full line, all sizes and all arrangements to meet ALL wants,

$4.87

And Upwards. BE SURE TO EXAMINE THEM.

H. R. EAGLE & CO.,

GROCERS, 68 & 70 WABASH-AV.

"THE CITIZEN."

Politically Independent. Uncompromising on the Irish National Issue.

The Enemy of Knownothingism and Bigotry of Every Form.

The Best Irish-American Advertising Medium West of the Alleghenies,

Has Removed Its Business and Publication Offices to the McCormick Block, No. 67 to 73 Dearborn Street.

All Subscribers and Advertisers Will Please Take Notice.

THE CZAR AND THE DEAD SOLDIER.

Unarmed and unattended walked the czar
Through Moscow's busy streets one wintry day;
The crowd uncovered as his face they saw;
"God greet the czar!" said they.

Along his path there moved a funeral,
Gray spectacle of poverty and woe;
A wretched sledge, dragged by one weary man
Slowly across the snow.

And on the sledge, blown by the wintry wind,
Lay a poor coffin, very rude and bare;
And he who drew it bent beneath his load
With dull and sullen air.

The emperor stopped and beckoned to the man.
"Who is't thou bearest to the grave?" he said.
"Only a soldier, sire," the short reply.
"Only a soldier dead."

"Only a soldier," musing said the czar,
"Only a Russian, who was poor and brave.
Move on; I follow, such a one goes not
Unhonored to the grave."

He bent his head and reverent raised his cap.
The Czar of all the Russias, pacing slow,
Following the coffin as again it went
Slowly across the snow.

The passers in the street all wondering,
Looked on the sight, then followed silently;
Peasant and prince, and artisan and clerk,
All in one company.

Still as they went the crowd grew evermore,
Till thousands stood around the friendless grave,
Led by that princely heart who, royal, true,
Honored the poor but brave.

—Boston Transcript.

HER SECRET.

When that particularly shrewd and businesslike young man, Mr. Thomas Partington, joined himself in marriage to Ada, relict of the late Isaac Abrahams, his friends evinced considerable surprise at the step. The widow was, indeed, as they admitted, young and fascinating, and had, moreover, inherited a very substantial fortune from her previous husband. But then she was dreadfully extravagant in her habits, and had lately developed a perfect mania for gambling.

In fact, her losses on the turf and at the card tables were becoming quite the talk of society, and it is certain that even during the short period which elapsed between her first husband's death and the date of her second marriage her fortune must have been materially diminished by the drains she made upon it. In another year or two at her present rate she would, so Tom's friends said, run through it altogether, and then he would find himself in the unenviable position of having to support a recklessly spendthrift wife entirely out of his own pocket.

A few of his greatest intimates impressed this upon him before he took the final plunge, and urged him to back out of his engagement ere it was yet too late. But Tom turned a deaf ear to their advice. He was very much in love with the charming widow. And, besides, he entertained a strong hope that after their union he should be able to reform, or at least control, his wife's extravagance. Instead, therefore, of trying to cry off the match, he hurried it forward to the best of his ability, in order that she might have as short an interval as possible in which to enjoy the unchecked expenditure of her money.

But when he was married to the lady he found that his hope of being able to reform her had been decidedly chimerical. Self willed and headstrong, she would scarcely endure advice, much less any semblance of restraint. So, after a few months of useless remonstrance, he gave up all attempt at genuine reformation as a bad job, and had to content himself with showing silent disapproval of her extravagances, or with throwing in their way such feeble obstacles as he could. These were slight enough, for her fortune was entirely at her own control. Still they were not quite fruitless.

And as time went on, people noticed that Mrs. Partington's gambling transactions were on a much smaller scale. Her best friends began to hope that the instincts of the mother were beginning to assert themselves over the cravings of the gambler, and that it was thought for the little one whom she was soon expecting that thus checked her in her career of mad extravagance. It is certain at any rate, that, as time went forward, she grew every day more out of spirits, and nothing was more likely—for, with all her faults, she was a soft hearted woman—than that she should be fretting over her past selfish extravagance, as a sort of robbery perpetrated on her unborn offspring. Perhaps, also, her weakened physical condition contributed its quota to this altered frame of mind. But whatever the reasons may have been, the fact was undoubtedly there. And each day the once lighthearted and reckless woman grew more moody and depressed.

Tom appeared to notice this change in his wife. His manner toward her, always kind and attentive, became actually tender in its consideration, and he tried his hardest to soothe away her gathering depression of spirits. He was not able to be with her much in the day time, for, shortly after his marriage, being tired of having nothing to do, he had put some of his money into "business" in the city, where his constant presence was now required; but he regularly spent his evenings at home, hardly ever going to the theater or to his club.

His wife seemed to feel his considerate tenderness very deeply, for several times, as he sat beside her of an evening, with his arms thrown caressingly around her, she suddenly buried her face on his shoulder and burst into tears—like one whose remorse is awakened by unmerited and unlooked for kindness. On each of these occasions Tom felt by a certain subtle and inpalpable instinct that his wife was on the very verge of making some confession—perhaps of sorrow and regret for her defiant attitude toward him in the past. But although by his comforting words and soothing caresses he did his best to invite her confidence, the confession which he felt to be hanging on her lips never issued from them.

Meanwhile, what was so clear to her husband did not escape the notice of Mrs. Partington's female friends. Of these she had many, but by far the most favored and confidential of them was Mrs. Brandon, an old schoolfellow with whom she had kept up a lifelong intimacy. Mrs. Brandon, who was at once a very lively and a highly sensible lady, had, at an early period, detected the unusual gloom which had come over her friend's manner, and rallied her upon taking her new position so seriously.

"My dear Ada," she said at last, in the course of an afternoon call, during which Mrs. Partington had been more dull than ever, "I should never have encouraged you to accept Tom if I had foreseen what a deplorable effect your second dose of matrimony would have upon you. Do you know that in the twenty minutes I have been here, the only original observation you have made was to ask me whether I had enough sugar? What is the matter with you today?"

Mrs. Partington muttered something about a "bad headache."

"But have you always a bad headache nowadays?" continued Mrs. Brandon, more seriously. "I should not have alluded to the subject if this were the first time that I have seen you thus. But for weeks I have observed you growing more and more gloomy and depressed. You are getting quite unlike your old self, and I cannot help feeling seriously uneasy about you. What does it mean?"

To Mrs. Brandon's surprise her friend, instead of answering, only burst into tears and buried her face in her handkerchief. Evidently, thought Mrs. Brandon, the once gay and sprightly Ada Isaacs was very changed indeed.

"Come, Ada," she said, drawing her chair closer, and taking one of her friend's hands, "you have something on your mind. I thought so before; now I am sure of it. Tell me all about it. It will do you good to confide in some one, and you and I have never had a secret from one another during the last twenty years. Is it anything to do with Tom?"

"No, no—indeed it isn't! Pray don't think that!" sobbed Mrs. Partington.

"Well, that's a mercy!" observed Mrs. Brandon. "Then it must be something to do with yourself. What is it?"

There was a short pause, during which Mrs. Partington's sobs slightly subsided.

"Nell," she said presently, "it is all your fault."

"My fault, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Brandon.

"Your fault," repeated Mrs. Partington. "It has all come of your introducing me to that hateful Pompadour club. Oh, how I wish I had never entered the place!"

"You don't mean to say"— Mrs. Brandon paused and looked at her friend.

"I mean to say that, unknown to Tom, I have been playing there every afternoon, and losing constantly, until—oh, Nell, promise—swear that you will not tell Tom this!"

"Of course not. Have we ever betrayed one another's confidence, dear? But you must promise me something too. Promise that you will tell Tom."

"I? Oh, Nell, you don't know what you are asking. You have not heard all yet. I would not have Tom know it for the world. Rather than that I would"——

Mrs. Partington's sobs had burst forth again with renewed force. Suddenly she sank back on the sofa with a cry of pain which alarmed her friend. Perceiving that she was really ill Mrs. Brandon summoned assistance. Many minutes did not elapse before one of the servants was hurrying off for a doctor.

Very shortly after the arrival of that functionary, Mrs. Brandon herself left. She drove direct to the club where Tom Partington occasionally called of an afternoon on his way home from the city. By good luck he was there now, and the message which Mrs. Brandon sent in quickly brought him to her carriage door. A very few words passed between them, but enough to make Tom's face grow to twice its normal length.

"I will be off at once," he said.

"Do," replied Mrs. Brandon. "But mind, not a word yet! Not until she is quite well again."

"Trust me!" cried Tom. He was already hailing a passing hansom, and with a hurried bow to Mrs. Brandon he jumped into it.

When he reached home he sprang up the steps and rang the door bell sharply. It was opened in about half a second by the cook, who, with a look of deep importance on her face, gasped out: "Please, sir, will you be as quiet as possible. And—and—it's a boy!"

Before her bewildered master had time to make any inquiries relative to this information the doctor, who had been descending the stairs when he entered, came up to him and shook him by the hand.

"I must congratulate you, my dear sir," he said, "on the birth of a remarkably fine son. I am glad to tell you, too, that Mrs. Partington is going on as well as can be expected. But she is naturally very weak. So if you go in to see her do not stop more than a minute or allow her to talk. Anything calculated to excite her must be most carefully avoided. I will call in again later and see how she is progressing."

Under these circumstances Mr. Partington was compelled to abandon for the present the hope which he had entertained of inducing his wife to confide to him the trouble which seemed to have recently oppressed her. He accordingly restrained his patience as best he could, and waited until her strength should return. At the end of the week, however, it was evident that Mrs. Partington was only mending very slowly, and the doctor was by no means satisfied with her progress. Indeed, he expressed his conviction to the husband that something was weighing on his patient's mind, the removal of which was essential to her complete recovery. After this Tom resolved to endeavor at the earliest opportunity to come to an understanding with his wife.

So, on the same afternoon, as he sat by his wife's bedside, with one of her hands in his, he said kindly, "Ada, my dear, you have something on your mind."

A quick flush overspread her pale face, and she averted her gaze, murmuring in a confused tone, "What makes you fancy that, Tom?"

"The eyes of love are quick to see such things," replied her husband tenderly, as he stroked her head with his disengaged hand. "Did you think I failed to remark it just now, when, as your glance fell on the little one there, a groan escaped your lips? And you have shown by many other signs that something is troubling you."

"Oh, Tom," she cried suddenly, leaning forward and hiding her face on his shoulders. "You will not speak so kindly when you know the truth. Yet I must tell you my—my husband. You have been so kind and gentle that I cannot deceive you any longer, but try, Tom"—pleadingly—"not to be very angry with me."

"There is no fear of that," said Tom encouragingly. "Come, little woman, let us have the murder out."

"Ah, you do not know what it is," she went on in remorseful tones, "else you would not treat it so lightly. Oh, Tom, Tom, I—I—have lost all my fortune."

"How did you manage that?" he asked quietly.

"You may well put such a question," she continued in a voice broken by frequent sobs. "You may well fail to understand my folly and madness. Oh, Tom, Tom, although I used to set you at defiance in the matter of gambling, yet your open remonstrance and silent disapproval in time began to vex my impatient heart. And when I discovered a secret gambling club, where I could indulge my insatiable passion without your knowledge, I at once began to frequent it. The game was roulette—the one of all others in which I had always longed to join. I gave myself up to its fascination, and staking wildly incurred heavy losses day after day. Then, as my fortune rapidly diminished, and time went on, and thoughts of the little one whom I was soon to bear were brought home to me, a chord of motherly feeling was touched within me, and I hated myself for my wicked folly in having robbed my child.

"I vowed I would win back all that I had lost, and with that intention (for my strange gambler's craving was somehow dying away) staked heavily at the tables. But my endeavor was nothing else than throwing good money after bad. I lost—lost—lost—until my whole fortune was gone. Do not"—very piteously—"do not reproach me, Tom. My own heart is reproaching me already, almost more than I can bear."

"My darling," he replied, "I have no thought of reproaching you. If I had meant to do that I should have done it before this, for I have known all about it a long while."

"You have known all about it a long while!" she cried, raising her tearful eyes wonderingly to his. "Oh, Tom—how did you find out?"

"Very easily, my pet," he answered, kissing her forehead, "seeing that the founder and proprietor of the gambling club where you lost your money is no other than—myself!"

She regarded him in speechless amazement. He went on to explain himself further:

"Yes. It is quite true. When I found that advice and remonstrance were lost on you, my dear, I had to look about for another method of saving you from the effects of your folly. And the starting of that private gambling club was the method which occurred to me. It took some working out of details and the employment of a good bit of capital to get the thing properly afloat. But I enlisted the services of a competent agent, whom I paid well, and undertook to indemnify in case the club were found out by the police. It had not been discovered, nor now ever will be; for, its object having been gained, the establishment is finally closed. There, Ada, that is enough to enable you to grasp the truth. But tell me—are you sorry to learn that all the money which you lost has passed back into my hands?"

"Sorry!" she ejaculated, raising herself in bed and wreathing her arms round his neck in a joyful, fond embrace. "Oh, Tom, how kind and good and clever you are! I can never love or thank you enough."

Tom Partington gave the most convincing proof that he could have given of his belief in the sincerity of his wife's repentance. He handed back to her the whole of her money without condition or reservation, and he has never had cause to regret it.—Boston Courier.

The Sparrow.

For the common house sparrow, as distinguished from the so called hedge sparrow and the tree sparrow, nothing can be urged in its favor. Destroy them utterly is my advice, and I have reason to think that Miss Ormerod has come to the same conclusion. Experience has shown that their ill advised importation into Australia and North America has wrought incalculable harm to cultivated vegetation. The bird is a grain and vegetable feeder for at least three-fourths of the year, seeking insects only when leaf buds and cereals are not available for food.

Sparrow clubs should be encouraged in every village in order to check the undue increase of the species, which, by the by, breeds at least three times in the year. In connection with these sparow clubs, it is somewhat curious to note that the authorities in some English country parishes have from time immemorial paid the village lads at the rate of four a penny for killing these birds, and have, moreover, purchased eggs. And some kind of sparrow seems to have been considered destructive in Syria in ancient days, for we are expressly told that "two sparrows were sold for a farthing."—Macmillan's Magazine.

Prince Napoleon's Ambition.

Long notices of Prince Napoleon have appeared in all the papers, but, oddly enough, not a single journal has mentioned the fact that early in 1854 he was a suitor for the hand of the amiable lady who is now known as the Duchess of Teck. The proposed match was recommended by the king of the Belgians, and Lord Palmerston was strongly in favor of it, but Princess Mary would not hear of it for a moment, and the queen was very angry when Lord Palmerston observed that at least Prince Napoleon was a much better match than any small German prince.—London Truth.

WHAT MIND READING IS.

NOTHING BUT CLEVER TRICKERY OR MUSCLE READING.

Dr. Gatchell Explains How Stuart Cumberland and Washington Irving Bishop Performed Their Surprising Feats—The Scientific Explanation.

The credulity of the American people has often been imposed upon. The Locke "Moon Hoax" and the Cardiff giant have been followed by the modern "mind reader," who claims for himself powers of divination excelling anything that has been known since the time of Christ. Mind reading, in the sense in which the word is used by those who pretend to possess the alleged power, may be defined as the transference of a thought—that is, a mental conception, or an idea—from the mind of one person to the mind of another, without the use of the known mediums of communication, which consist of the nerves of general sensation and those of special sense.

Mind readers claim that this feat is possible. In opposition to such claims, I submit that profane history contains no trustworthy account of its accomplishment. It never will be brought about so long as man remains constituted as he is at present. It is opposed to the principles of evolution and to all known facts of physiology. Notwithstanding all that may be adduced to the contrary, many believe that mind reading is one of the possibilities, even if it is not one of the actualities of life. But the belief, in every instance, is founded either on insufficient evidence or on faulty observation, or on a disposition to mistake the marvelous for the miraculous.

Many accounts of alleged mind reading are purely fictitious. Others are exaggerations of trivial incidents or misinterpretations of observed phenomena. Others still are accounts of muscle reading. Those cases that do not belong to the classes named are accomplished by trickery.

NOT EVEN IN HYPNOTISM.

If there were any conditions under which thought transference might occur they would seem to be supplied by hypnotism. In the hypnotic state the mind of one person exerts over the mind of another an influence that surpasses anything with which we are acquainted under ordinary conditions. But the impossible cannot be accomplished even by the aid of hypnotism.

It must be born in mind that in the hypnotic state one's senses are intensely acute. That which ordinarily escapes the attention of the most careful observer is quickly detected by the sharpened senses of the hypnotist. It is impossible to make a motion that he does not see and interpret accurately. Thus, by virtue of his sharpened faculties, the hypnotist will sometimes divine, though he cannot "read" the thought of another.

Of modern mind readers the late Washington Irving Bishop was the best known in this country. Mr. Bishop was at the same time an expert muscle reader and a clever trickster. His most famous feat, the one from which he gained the greatest notoriety and eclat, was that of driving a team of horses, while he was ostensibly blindfolded, at break neck speed by a circuitous route through crowded streets and finding at a distant point an object or a name in a book, previously selected by a committee.

For the amusement of my friends I have several times performed this seemingly impossible feat, and in no instance have my methods been detected. Its successful accomplishment depends upon two things—the fact that one who is apparently blindfolded can see distinctly all the time, and the fact that the members of his committee are betrayed into becoming his unwitting accomplices.

HARDLY KNOW THEMSELVES.

The testimony of all muscle readers, especially during their first attempts, has been that they do not know what their methods are. Early success is a self surprise. It creates the impression that one is possessed of a weird power. This was my own experience. But, after repeated experiment and close observation, I am convinced that the facts admit of rational explanation.

Primarily the results are all due to a single cause, but several different conditions enter into their execution. In making his way to the location of a hidden object the subject usually does not lead the muscle reader, but the muscle reader leads the subject. That is to say, so long as the muscle reader moves in the right direction the subject gives no indication, but passively moves with him. The muscle reader perceives nothing unusual. But, the subject's mind being intently fixed on a certain course, the instant that the muscle reader deviates from that course there is a slight, involuntary tremor, or muscular thrill, on the part of the subject, due to the sudden interruption of his previous state of mental tension.

The muscle reader almost unconsciously takes note of the delicate signal and alters his course to the proper one, again leading his willing subject. In a word, he follows the lines of least resistance. In other cases the conditions are reversed—the subject unwittingly leads the principal. He becomes so much interested and his mind is so intently fixed upon the object of his search that he is oblivious of everything save the attempt to find it.

Subjects have led me in this manner, and I have seen professional mind readers enjoying a like benefit. Again I have had subjects who would give patent assistance at intervals and at other times leave me to my own resources. It must be said that this method of muscle reading is exceptional, the usual one is that first described.—Dr. Gatchell in Forum.

Orleans and Its Maid.

It was on May 7, 1429, that the English were driven out of Orleans and that Joan la Pucelle, known as Joan of Arc, entered the city at the head of the French hosts. In memory of this event the troops of the garrison of Orleans march out of the city every year on the 7th of May and re-enter at 8 o'clock.—London News

A MAD POET

rushed into a newspaper office recently, and threatened to clean out the establishment, because they printed his verses wrong. Said he: "I wrote, 'To dwell forever in a grot of peace,' and you idiots put it 'a pot of grease.'" The mortified editor presented him with a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, a year's subscription and an apology.

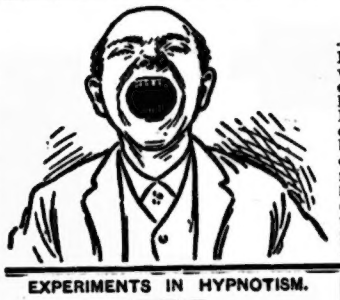
The little "Pellets" positively cure sick and nervous headache, biliousness, costiveness, and all derangements of the stomach, bowels and liver. It's a large contract, but the smallest things in the world do the business—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're the smallest, but the most effective. They go to work in the right way. They cleanse and renovate the liver, stomach and bowels thoroughly—but they do it mildly and gently. You feel the good they do—but you don't feel them doing it.

As a Liver Pill, the "Pellets" are unequaled. Sugar-coated, easy to take, and put up in vials, and hermetically sealed, and thus always fresh and reliable. A perfect vest-pocket remedy, in small vials, and only *one* necessary for a laxative or *three* for a cathartic.

They're the *cheapest* pill you can buy, because they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You only pay for *the good* you get.

That's the *peculiar* plan all Dr. Pierce's medicines are sold on, through druggists.



Always open

—the offer made by the proprietors of Doctor Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It's a reward of $500 cash for an incurable case of catarrh, no matter how bad, or of how long standing. They'll carry it out, too. It's one thing to make the offer. It's a very different thing to make it good. It couldn't be done, except with an extraordinary medicine. But that's what they have. By its mild, soothing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. It doesn't simply palliate for a time, or drive the disease to the lungs. It produces a perfect and permanent cure. Try it and see. If you can't be cured, you'll be paid.

EXPERIMENTS IN HYPNOTISM.

An Account of Some Extraordinary Doings at a Meeting in London.

Dr. Stanley, whose performance at the Hotel Metropole I saw, is a clear exponent of hypnotism. His demonstration must have been very striking to some men in the room, to whom, evidently, M. Charcot's experiments at the Salpetriere and the work of the Nancy school were evidently unknown. The men whom Dr. Stanley had brought forward as subjects were knocked over like ninepins by sudden sleep imposed upon them in various ways. One yielded to the somnolent effect of rotating bright colored disks. Another toppled off his chair at the sudden ignition of a magnesium wire which dazzled his eyes.

A third, very susceptible to the power of suggestion, was told that he would go to sleep when he picked a match box off the floor. He stooped for the match box, and forthwith rolled heavily off the platform. Fortunately for him his fall was broken by sympathetic hands. Another, while intent on something else, was startled by a sudden noise. Instantly he slept the lethargic sleep. Once again a subject's close attention to the ticking of a watch brought on the effective drowsiness, and he soon toppled off his chair. A boy, who had in various parts of his frame peculiarly sensitive centers of nervous activity, was touched in one of those spots by the operator. In a twinkling he dropped to the floor asleep. It was a strange sight, half weird, half ludicrous, to see those ten subjects scattered about the floor at the feet of Dr. Stanley, like so many men suddenly bewitched.

One man had fallen with his hands clasped and raised some distance from his chest. He was allowed to lie in this attitude for what seemed to be twenty minutes or half an hour. Let any one lie down and hold up the arms high above the chest and see how long he can hold them there, even with the support he will gain by the clasping of his hands. The muscles will not long sustain the experiment. But in the lethargic sleep of the hypnotized one's sensations of fatigue appear to be suspended. The limbs obey the operator, and remain in the position in which he puts them. The state of catalepsy is easily produced, and then the men are brought, at a mere touch of the hypnotizer's hand, into that false awaking called somnambulism.

Men and boys were kept in this waking-sleeping condition throughout an interval for refreshment, and, according to the lecturer, whose word there is no reason to doubt, were all unconscious of their exceptional condition as they walked about among us. Brought back to the platform they were made the victims of hallucinations of that amusing kind to which mesmerists have well accustomed us. But these mesmeric tricks are decidedly more interesting when presented as part of an exposition of hypnotism in its various stages.

One experiment, I confess, I do not like. A man is given a strong emetic, and made to drink it under the impression that it is a pleasing beverage. But there is this curious interest in the act. The natural effect of a strong dose of ipecacuanha wine is to make a man vomit, and, whether he knows or does not know he has taken it, there will be no difference in this physical effect. But in this curious hypnotic condition, it is enough for the man with whom the patient is en rapport to say to him that he is all right, what he has taken will agree with him perfectly, and no bad results will follow. The ordinary physical effect of the emetic is not produced.

The post hypnotic suggestion was illustrated in this way: The patient was told in his hypnotic sleep that he was going to awake, and that three minutes after he would do a certain thing to Dr. Bond which Dr. Bond had himself suggested that he should be asked to do. This was to take off Dr. Bond's eyeglasses and put them on his own nose. The lad was roused from his sleep. Dr. Bond said to the boy, "Now, are you going to do anything to me?" With an air of surprise at an odd question the youth made the answer "No."

In three minutes to the second the lad, notwithstanding his own statement, went up to Dr. Bond, took the eyeglasses from him and wore them himself. When called to account he seemed a little confused at his own act and made an apology to Dr. Bond, not for stealing his eyeglasses, but for having told him before that he did not intend doing anything to him. He did not know then that he had to do this.—London Cor. Providence Journal.

Women in French Railway Offices.

In order to obtain employment in the administration of the railways in France it is necessary to be either the daughter, wife or widow of an employe. Nearly 500 ladies are thus employed. Indeed, at French railway stations the ticket sellers are nearly all women. In the railways there is not the same just payment as in the other state departments. Here the women are paid just half as much as the men while working quite as much.

The Credit Foncier employs about 2,000 women on its staff. The entrance is by examination and the limit of age sixteen to thirty-five. Candidates must produce good conduct certificates, both official and private, and must receive at the examination a maximum of marks—that is to say, twelve out of twenty. The salary in the first stage is three francs a day, rising to 1,700 a year ($340). A tax of 4 per cent. levied upon the salary gives the right to a pension after twenty years' service.

In the Credit Lyonnais women are also employed. For their entrance there the rules are not yet fixed. A cashier receives the salary of 2,000 to 2,500 francs a year, and a clerk from three to five francs a day.—New York Sun.

Duty First.

A teacher in a public school was informed by a lawyer at 2 p. m. that she was heir to a fortune. He expected her to grasp her bonnet and run, but instead of that she calmly replied:

"I will hear the class in geography, whip three boys and be at your office in an hour."—Exchange.

Professor W. T. Rountree, an amateur aeronaut, fell from a balloon at Spokane and was killed.

A car loaded with cattle took fire at Missouri Valley, Iowa, and before it could be extinguished many of the cattle were fearfully burned. All were taken out and killed.

The body of P. Purcell, late member of parliament, has been stolen from the cemetery at Cornwall, Ont., probably for a ransom.

FREAKS OF SMUGGLING.

QUEER ARTICLES SENT BY MAIL FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

Women Find It Difficult to Resist the Desire to Bring in Presents Free of Duty—People Who Are in Other Respects Honest, Cheat the Government.

Women are especially susceptible to the enticements of smuggling. It has been said that no woman can resist the temptation to make an effort to carry goods subject to duty past a custom house officer, and it is a statement made by certain officials in the customs service that if every passenger on board incoming ocean steamers were thoroughly and completely searched as he might be, it is probable that not one out of fifty would be found to have resisted the allurements of just a trifling bit of smuggling to add romance to the home coming. Oftentimes such carrying in of dutiable goods is merely inadvertence, lack of knowledge or oversight.

Presents bought for the "dear ones at home" have been overlooked when an estimate was made of the dutiable goods and were only recalled to memory when found by the customs officer. Many a name high in society and well known in religious, financial or professional circles has been upon the books of the special treasury agent's office, but it is a fact worthy of note, and which reflects much credit upon the department, that such matters are kept as secret as any portion of the work.

"There is no necessity," said a man who had made smuggling the study of his life, and who is employed by the custom house, "for dragging these legal and governmental skeletons in the closet into the light of day. Oftentimes it is a sad fact that they have occurred, and for our own satisfaction (for we are, withal, at times, men of some sensibilities) we prefer to let them drop and remain unmentioned. Then, again, there may be certain arguments used of a more or less persuasive value which would naturally induce the inspector to give as little publicity as possible to the details of the case.

A CURIOSITY IN BOOKS.

"I do not mean by this to imply that the practice of bribery is in vogue to any extent. This fact may not be due to original lack of sin, but it is true, nevertheless, although honesty is enforced to a certain degree by the remembrance of the previous good record of the special treasury agent's department."

Perhaps the most novel and popular form of amusement for the smuggler nowadays is to use Uncle Sam's post bags for his exciting trade. A number of books have lately been entered at the postoffice, sent from foreign countries, which were not altogether intended for reading purposes. Several months ago there was received at the New York postoffice a handsomely bound volume of Italian poetry. The book was printed on a high grade of paper and bore the date "Padua, 1733." Its title was "Le Tregedie Di Giovanni Delfino." It was probably supposed that the postoffice authorities would "pass" the book on looking at its title on its examination. Unfortunately in this, as in all cases where books are in the mail, the volume was opened and carefully examined.

A section of the center of 200 leaves was cut out, through the book, and in the cavity thus formed was placed a green table spread, with cotton embroidery, upon which an extreme valuation of three dollars could barely be placed. Buyers of antique books who have examined the volume, which is now in the customs seizure room, say that had it not been mutilated it would have readily been worth $100. It was addressed to Judge William Allen, of Southampton, Mass., but Judge Allen has never read it.

OTHER VOLUMES.

Lately this volume has been followed by a volume of the "Report of the British National Fisheries Exposition," which was not all a report, for quite a collection of jewelry was placed in a neatly scooped out orifice in the center of its leaves. Extremes meet when a Latin dictionary was put in use as a carton for transporting a pipe, and the "Odd Fellows' Quarterly Magazine" did duty as a packing case for two razors. A novel called "The Great Tentine" held two diminutive and very prettily decorated Chinese vases, but the height of incongruities was reached when the "Sermons of Bishop Brookfield, of London," drifted into the New York postoffice artfully surrounding several sets of false teeth.

It is not generally known that no merchandise other than books can be shipped through the mails from foreign countries. Cigars, cutlery and chinaware, jewelry and fabrics of cotton and silk are often started on their long journey, with notations accompanying them stating that they are samples or gifts, but these casual remarks never save the goods. They find their way to the United States custom house seizure room, and there remain until the yearly auction.

Steerage passengers of the kind who seek the services of philanthropical people on landing are no freer from the taint of smuggling than their more aristocratic brethren above deck. One of the customs inspectors saw an Italian of mean dress and poor appearance who wore on the little finger of his left hand a diamond ring which glittered in the rays of the sun shining over Miss Liberty's left shoulder as the vessel was coming up the bay. He thought the occurrence unusual and investigated. Two thousand dollars' worth of jewelry was taken from the immigrant's person. He had fallen a victim to his own vanity. He was unable to resist the delights of making a display before his fellow passengers.—New York World.

"One word more," said a speaker, "and I am done." And the reporters found when that word was written down that it contained 1,500 syllables. The famous word of Aristophanes was outdone. The same fellow is the speaker who often says, "A single remark," and then talks for fifteen minutes.

PUBLIC SAFETY

DEMANDS

That only honest and reliable medicines should be placed upon the market. It cannot, therefore, be stated too emphatically, nor repeated too often, that all who are in need of a genuine Blood-purifier should be sure and ask for

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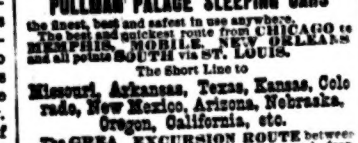

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Columbia Court No. 2—J P O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 9 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

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Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 1st Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry B Howson, R S, 2516 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 508 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 632 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 3d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 971 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 363 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 3d and 4th Tuesday.

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St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sousee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; F Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaefer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—E Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 726 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Talman av; E W Rye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E H Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J F Lamb, C R, 261 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 186 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreen, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 4 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 226 Sherman st; Frank A Rogers, R S, 556 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Raley, R S, 209 W Thirteenth st; John McGhee, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 413 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleason, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 8 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Farel, C R, 383 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 156 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 226 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 226 Cleveland av; Joseph F Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonb, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 223 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M J Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 449 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; P T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1 Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5594 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Briski, C R, 507 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Our Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 103 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 490 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; O Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger af and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInarney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

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St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M J Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall Kosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

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St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Beohant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4731 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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County Secretary, John Dowling, 256 N. Clark.
County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell, 3713 Lowe av.
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Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 261 S. Hausted-st, Pres.; P. Lavery, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 520 S. Halsted-st; T. F. White, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 6—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Prell, Recording Sec., 447 Thirty-fifth st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

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Div. No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2623 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 2128 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

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Div. No. 16—Pres., M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

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Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres. Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V.-P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

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Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. J. P Doheny, 2359 Honore st; V. P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V P. M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Dolan, Box 887 Pullman; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres, John Dowling, 253 N Clark st; V P, Thomas Franey; rec sec, John Mulbearn, 40 Artesian av; fin sec, Michael Moore; treas, James C. King. Meets last Saturday of each month at 1086 W Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3809 Lowe av; V P, J J Burke; rec sec, M J O Brien, 3263 Butler st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3815 South Halsted st.

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County Secretary, J. E. Duan, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.
County Fin.

A PRACTICAL JOKER.

Some of Perkins' Harmless but Amusing Tricks Which He Perpetrates.

Perkins is tall, angular and a practical joker of the severest type. One of his peculiar pleasantries is to suddenly halt a strange, pompous individual on the street, buttonhole him and remark with cool assumption:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I think you have made a mistake."

"What is that, sir?" the victim is likely to ask.

"Well," Perkins will reply with the utmost audacity, "this city does not belong to any one man or set of men. You may think you own it, but you don't. See?" and Perkins will hurry away, leaving the pompous man to his own reflections.

Sometimes he varies this interesting performance in this highly original fashion: Stepping up to a total stranger he will beg for a light for his cigarette. This trifling favor having been extended, he will engage his victim in conversation for a moment. When another stranger appears Perkins hails him. As he approaches Perkins introduces him to the first man.

"Ah, Mr. Smith, permit me to present you to my friend, Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown, Mr. Smith."

Of course the men shake hands and Perkins takes his departure, leaving the strangers to extricate themselves from their embarrassment as best they can.

One day Perkins entered a small east side dry goods store with a friend. Ranged in front of the counter were a row of stools. Upon these the men seated themselves. In a moment a dapper young clerk came up and asked Perkins what he desired. For an instant he seemed puzzled for a reply, but soon his eyes rested upon the familiar sign "If you don't see what you want ask for it." That furnished him with a clew.

"Well," he said in measured tones, "you can bring me a plate of corned beef hash, nicely browned, with two poached eggs on top; also a cup of hot coffee. What's yours, George?" he added, turning to his friend.

"Gimme the same," he responded.

All the girls in the store stared hard at the impudent fellows, and the clerk's eyes began to bulge.

"Gentlemen," he replied, with a show of calmness, "you have made a slight mistake; this is a dry goods store and not a restaurant. Do I look like a waiter?"

"I am not here to answer questions, young man," said Perkins, as with his friend he rose and moved toward the door, "but if you can't fill orders you'd better go out of the business or take in your sign."

And the jokers vanished out the door. Perkins is still at large.—New York Herald.

Two Stories About the Bible.

According to a story now current in Washington clubs, Commander Schley of the navy received among his boyhood Christmas presents a handsome Bible from a rich aunt. After a moment's reflection, they say, he exclaimed: "I'm up to that dodge," and began examining the volume eagerly leaf by leaf until he reached the Sermon on the Mount, where he found a ten dollar bill pinned to the page. This is no better story than that of George Hayward's gift of a big Bible to the old city club.

In the presence of witnesses he put a ten dollar bill in the book—at what chapter is not stated. The volume lay on the center table in the reading room. At the end of a year, in the presence of the same witnesses, Mr. Hayward opened the Bible and found his ten dollar bill just where he had left it. There was nobody in that club who was "up to the dodge" which young Schley penetrated so promptly.—Buffalo Courier.

The Mushroom.

It is commonly believed that the mushroom literally grows in a night, so that it has come to be emblematic of sudden development, but the truth is quite otherwise. It is very likely to require several weeks for its formation, and up to the time of its appearance in the light of day it remains beneath the surface, very much compressed and held in small compass. Then comes a moist night, and the cells of which the fungus is composed are greatly expanded, so that it thrusts itself out above ground. But it is no heavier, though so much bigger, than days before, perhaps, when it lay hidden in small compass under the top layer of soil, a perfect mushroom.—Washington Star.

Air Ships Too Fast.

Englishman—Aw—where can Hi book for San Francisco?

Gotham Joker—Depends on how you want to travel. The ticket office for the express trains, which run through in four days, is just around the corner; but if you are in a hurry you'd better take the air ship, which darts over in twenty minutes.

Englishman—Aw—much obliged, but has Hi hintend to write a book hon Hamerica Hi will take the hexpress train.—New York Weekly.

An Indian Belief.

There is a belief prevalent in India that if a man be sleeping, no matter where, and a Shesh Nag come and sit beside him, with a hood spread over the sleeper's face, the latter is sure to be a son of fortune. Popular tradition assigns the same reason to the rise of Haida Ali, of Mysore, from a common soldier.—American Notes and Queries.

To Save Coal Bills.

A secret chemical powder introduced abroad when sprinkled over the top of the coal in a newly made fire cements the upper part of the fuel together and causes the coal to burn at the bottom and throw the heat into the room, instead of allowing a large part of it to go up the chimney.—New York Journal.

Indiana contains only a dozen men who can properly be ranked as millionaires. And there are probably not more than two men in the state who are worth $2,000,000 apiece.

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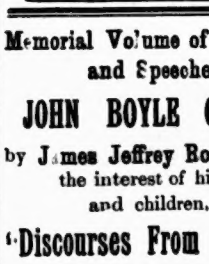

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NOTICE OF PETITION FOR LEAVE TO change name To all whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Victor Krasky, a resident of the County of Cook, in the State of Illinois, will file his petition in the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, at the next July Term A. D. 1891 of said court, which said term of court will begin and be holden at the Court House in Chicago, in said County of Cook, on the third Monday of July, 1891, praying that the name of the undersigned be changed to Victor Krasky.

Dated at Chicago, this 21st day of May A. D. 1891. (Signed) VICTOR KRASKY.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of Peter J. O'Connell, son of John and Mary O'Connell, Ardgroom, county Cork, Ireland. He was in Marquette, Mich., in 1882, and left there in 1884 and went to his uncle, C. C. Lowrey, Jamestown, Dak.; in 1886 he went from there to Duluth, Minn.; the last heard of him, in the fall of 1887, he was in Ashland, Wis. Any information about him will be thankfully received by

PETER O'CONNELL,

Marquette, Mich.

Irish-American papers please copy.

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